

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1906.

*CHIPPINGE.*¹

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XXII.

WOMEN'S HEARTS.

LADY LANSDOWNE left the shrubbery in a state of perplexity, from which the monotonous lilt of the band, which was now playing quadrille music, did nothing to relieve her. Whether Sybil Vermuyden were dying or not, it was certain that she was ill. Disease had laid its hand beyond mistaking on that once beautiful face; the levity and wit which had formerly dazzled beholders now gleamed but fitfully and with such a ghastly light as the corpse-candle gives forth. Since Lady Lansdowne had seen her in the coach at Chippenham the change was great; and it might well be that, if words of forgiveness were to be spoken, no time must be lost. Old associations, pity, a mother's feelings for a mother, all urged Lady Lansdowne to compliance with her request; nor did the knowledge that the woman who had once queened it so brilliantly in this place was now lurking on the fringe of the gay crowd, athirst for a sight of her child, fail to move a heart which all the jealousies of a Whig coterie had not hardened or embittered.

Unluckily, the owner of that heart felt that she was the last person who ought to interfere. It behoved her, more than it behoved anyone, to avoid fresh ground of quarrel with her husband's neighbour. Courteously as Sir Robert had borne himself on her

¹ Copyright, 1906, by Stanley J. Weyman, in the United States of America,
VOL. XXI.—No. 122, N.S.

arrival, civilly as he had veiled the surprise which her presence caused him, she knew that he was sore hurt by his defeat in the borough. And if those who had thwarted him publicly were to intervene in his private concerns, if those who had suborned his kinsman were now to tamper with his daughter—ay, or were to incur a suspicion of tampering—she knew that his ire would know no bounds. She felt, indeed, that resentment would be justified.

She had to think, too, of her husband, who had sent her with the olive-branch. He was a politic, prudent man; who, content with the solid advantage he had gained, had no mind to push to extremity a struggle which must needs take place at his own door. He would be displeased, seriously displeased, if her mission, in place of closing, widened the breach.

And yet her heart ached for the friend who had never wholly lost a place in her affections. And there was this to be said on that side. If Lady Sybil were thwarted, no woman was more capable of carrying out her threat and of taking some violent step, which must make matters a hundred times worse, alike for Sir Robert and his daughter.

While she weighed the matter, Lady Lansdowne found herself back at the rustic bridge. She was in the act of stepping upon it, still deep in thought, when her eyes encountered those of a young couple who were waiting at the farther end to give her passage. She looked a second time; and she stood. Then, smiling, she beckoned to the girl to come to her. Meanwhile, a side-thought, born of the conjunction of the two young people, took form in her mind. 'I hope that may come to nothing,' she reflected.

Possibly it was for this reason that she made it clear, when the man would have come also, that the smile was not for him. 'No, Mr. Flixton,' she said, the faintest possible distance in her tone. 'I do not want you. I will relieve you of your charge.'

And when Mary, timid and blushing, had advanced to her, 'My dear,' she said, holding out both her hands, and looking charmingly at her, 'I should have known you anywhere.' And she drew her to her and kissed her. 'I am Lady Lansdowne. I knew your mother, and I hope that you and my daughter will be friends.'

The mention of her mother increased Mary's shyness. 'Your ladyship is very kind,' she murmured. She did not know that her embarrassment was so far from hurting her, that the appeal in her eyes went straight to the elder woman's heart.

'I mean to be kind at any rate,' Lady Lansdowne answered, smiling on the lovely face before her. And then, 'My dear,' she said, 'have they told you that you are very beautiful? More beautiful, I think, than your mother was. I hope'—and she did not try to hide the depth of her feelings—'that you may be more happy.'

The girl's colour faded at this second reference to her mother. For she could not doubt that it was made with intention. Her father, even while he had overwhelmed her with benefits, even while he had opened this new life to her with a hand full of gifts, had taught her—tacitly or by a single word—that that name was the key to a Bluebeard's chamber; that it must not be used. She knew that her mother lived; she guessed that she had sinned against her husband; she understood that she had wronged her child. But she knew no more; and with this, since this at least she must know, Sir Robert would have had her content.

And yet, to speak correctly, she did know more. She knew that the veiled lady who had intervened at long intervals in her life must have been her mother. But she felt no impulse of affection towards that woman—whom she had seen. Instead her heart went out to a shadowy unknown mother who walked the silent house at sunset; whose silken skirts trailed in the lonely passages, and of whose career of wild and reckless gaiety she had vague hints here and there. It was to this mother, radiant and young, with the sheen of pearls in her hair, and the haunting smile, that she yearned. She had learned in some subtle way that the vacant place over the hall mantel, which her own portrait by Maclise was to fill, had been occupied by her mother's picture. And dreaming of the past, as what young girl alone in that stately house would not, she had seen her come and go in the half lights, a beautiful, spoilt child of fashion. She had traced her up and down the wide, polished stairway, heard the tap of her slender sandal on the shining floors, perceived in long-closed chambers the fading odours of her favourite scent. And in a timid, frightened way she had longed to know her and to love her, to feel her touch on her hair, and to give her pity in return.

It is possible that she might have dwelt more intimately on Lady Sybil's fate, possible that she might have ventured on some line of her own in regard to her, if her new life had been free from preoccupation; if there had not been with her an abiding regret, which clouded the sunniest prospects. But love, man's love,

woman's love, is the most cruel of monopolists : it tramples on the claims of the present, much more of the absent. And if the novelty of Mary's new life, the many marvels to which she must accustom herself, the new pleasures, the new duties, the strange new feeling of wealth—if, in fine, the necessity of orientating herself afresh in relation to every person and every thing was not able to put thoughts of her lover from her mind, the claims of an unknown mother had an infinitely smaller chance of asserting themselves.

But now at that word, twice pronounced by Lady Lansdowne, the girl stood conscience-stricken. 'You knew my mother?' she asked.

'Yes, my dear,' the elder woman answered soberly. 'I knew her very well.'

The gravity of her tone presented a new idea to Mary's mind. 'She is not happy?' she said.

'No.'

As she uttered the word, Lady Lansdowne glanced over her shoulder; conscience makes cowards. Naturally her nervousness communicated itself to Mary. A possibility, at which the girl had never glanced, presented itself; and, improbable as it seemed, drove the colour from her face. 'She is not here?' she said.

'Yes, she is here,' Lady Lansdowne answered earnestly. 'And—don't be frightened, my dear!' she continued. 'But listen to me! A moment ago I thought of throwing you in her way without your knowledge. Since I have seen you, however, I have your welfare at heart as well as hers. And I must, I ought to tell you, that I do not think your father would wish you to see her. I think that you should know this; and that you should decide for yourself—whether you will see her. Indeed you must decide for yourself,' she repeated, her eyes fixed anxiously on the girl's face. 'I cannot take the responsibility.'

'She is unhappy?' Mary asked, looking most unhappy herself.

'She is unhappy, and she is ill.'

'I ought to go to her? Please—your ladyship will advise me?'

Lady Lansdowne hesitated. 'I cannot,' she said.

'But—there is no reason,' Mary asked faintly, 'why I should not go to her?'

'There is no reason. I honestly believe,' Lady Lansdowne repeated solemnly, 'that there is no reason—except your father's wish. It is for you to say how far that which should weigh with you in all other things shall weigh with you in this.'

Suddenly a burning blush flooded Mary's face. 'I will go to her,' she cried impulsively. She had been weak once, she had been weak! And how she had suffered for that weakness! But she would be strong now. 'Where is she, if you please?' she continued bravely. 'Can I see her at once?'

'She is in the path leading to the kennels. You know it? No, you need not take leave of me, child! Go! And,' Lady Lansdowne added with feeling, 'God forgive me, if I have done wrong in sending you!'

'You have not done wrong!' Mary cried, an unwonted spirit in her tone. And without taking other leave she turned and went, though her limbs trembled under her. She was going to her mother! To her mother! Oh, strange, oh, impossible thought!

Yet, engrossing as was that thought, it could not quite oust fear; fear of her father and of his anger. And the blush soon died; so that the whiteness of her cheeks when she reached the Kennel Path formed a poor set-off for the ribbons that decked her muslin robe. What she expected, what she wished or feared or hoped, she could never remember. What she saw, that which awaited her was a woman, ill, and plainly clad, with only the remains of beauty in her wasted features; but a woman, nevertheless, cynical of face and hard-eyed, and far, very far from the mother of her day-dreams.

Such as she was, the unknown scanned Mary with a kind of scornful amusement. 'Oh!' she said, 'So this is what they have made of Miss Vermuyden? Let me look at you, girl?' And laying her hands on Mary's shoulders, she looked long into the tearful, agitated face. 'Why, you are like a sheet of paper!' she continued, raising the girl's chin with her finger. 'I wonder you dared to come with Sir Robert saying no! And, you little fool,' she continued in a swift spirt of irritation, 'as soon not come at all, as look at me like that! You've got my chin and my nose, and more of me than I thought, but—but God knows where you got your hare's eyes! Are you always frightened?'

'No, Ma'am, no!' she stammered.

'No, Ma'am? No, goose!' Lady Sybil retorted, mimicking her. 'Why, ten kings on ten thrones had never made me shake as you are shaking! Nor twenty Sir Roberts in twenty passions! What is it you are afraid of? Being found with me?'

'No!' Mary cried. And to do her justice, the emotion with which Lady Sybil found fault arose far more from a natural agitation, on seeing her mother, than from fear on her own account.

'Then you are afraid of me?' Lady Sybil rejoined. And again she twitched the girl's face to the light.

Mary was amazed rather than afraid: but she could not say that. And she kept silence.

'Or is it dislike of me?' her mother continued—a slight grimace, as of pain, distorting her face. 'You hate me, I suppose? You hate me!'

'Oh, no, no!' the girl cried in distress.

'You do, Miss!' And with no little violence Lady Sybil pushed Mary from her. 'You set down all to me, I suppose! I've kept you from your own, that's it! I am the wicked mother, worse than a step-mother, who robbed you of your rights, and made a beggar of you and would have kept you a beggar! I am she who wronged you and robbed you, the unnatural mother, I suppose! And you never ask,' she went on with fierce, impulsive energy, 'what I suffered? How I was wronged! What I bore! No, nor what I meant to do—with you!'

'Indeed, indeed——'

'What I meant to do, I say!' Lady Sybil repeated violently. 'At my death, at my death, I tell you—and I am dying, but what is that to you?—all would have been told, girl! And you would have got your own. Do you believe me?' she added passionately, advancing a step in a manner almost menacing. 'Do you believe me?'

'I do,' Mary cried, inexpressibly pained by the other's vehemence. 'Indeed I do.'

'I'll swear it, if you like! But I hoped that he—Sir Robert—would die first and never know! He deserved no better! He deserved nothing of me! And then you'd have stepped into all. Or better—ay, better still! Do you remember the day you travelled to Bristol? It's not so long ago that you need forget it, Miss Vermuyden? I saw you, and I saw the young man who was with you. I knew him, and I told myself that there was a God after all—though I've often doubted it—or you two would not have been brought together! I saw another way then. But you'd have parted and known nothing, if,' she laughed recklessly, 'I'd not helped Providence, and sent him with a present to your school. But—why, you're red enough now, girl! What is it?'

'You told him—who I was, Ma'am?' Mary murmured, with an effort. How her heart beat!

'I told him? Not I!' Lady Sybil answered. 'He knew no

more than a doll. I told him nothing, or he'd have told again! I know his kind. But that way I'd have got all for you, and thwarted Vermuyden, too! Married his heir to the little school-mistress! Oh, it was an opera touch, my dear, and beyond all the Tremaynes and the Vivian Greys in the world! But, when it promised best, that slut of a maid went to my husband, and trumped my trick!

'And Mr.—Mr. Vaughan,' Mary stammered, 'had no knowledge—who I was?'

'Mr.—Mr. Vaughan!' Lady Sybil repeated, mocking her, 'had no knowledge? No! Not a jot, not a tittle! But what?' she went on with a keen look, and speaking in a tone of derision. 'Sits the wind there, Miss Meek, eh? You're not all milk and water, bread and butter and backboard, then, at last? But have a spice of your mother, have you? Mr.—Mr. Vaughan!' again she mimicked her. 'Why, if you were fond of the man, didn't you say so?'

Mary, under the fire of those sharp, hard eyes, could not restrain her tears. But, overcome as she was, she managed in broken words to explain that her father had forbidden it.

'Oh, your father, was it?' Lady Sybil rejoined. 'He said No, and no it was! And the lord of my heart and the Man of Feeling is dismissed in disgrace! And now we weep in secret and the worm feeds on our damask cheek!' she ran on in a tone of raillery, assumed, perhaps, to hide a deeper feeling. 'I suppose,' she added shrewdly, 'Sir Robert would have you think that Vaughan knew who you were, and was practising on you?'

'Yes.'

'And you dismissed him at papa's command, eh? That was it, was it?'

Mary could only confess the fact with tears; her distress in as strange contrast with the gaiety of her dress as with the strains of the neighbouring band, which sang of festivity and pleasure. Perhaps some thought of this kind forced itself upon Lady Sybil's light and evasive mind; for, as she looked, the cynical expression of her eyes gave place to one of emotion better fitted to those wasted features, as well as to the relation in which the two stood to one another. She looked down the path, as if for the first time she feared an intrusive eye. Then her glance reverted to her daughter's slender form and bowed head; and again her face changed, it grew soft, it grew pitiful. The laurels shut all in, the path was

empty, they were alone. The maternal feeling, long repressed, long denied, long buried under a mountain of pique and resentment, of fancied wrongs and real neglect, broke forth irresistible. In a step she was at the girl's side, and snatching her to her bosom in a fierce embrace, was covering her face, her neck, her hair with hungry kisses.

The action was so sudden, so unexpected, that at first, crushed and even hurt by the other's grasp, and frightened by her vehemence, Mary would have resisted, would have tried to free herself. Then she understood. And a rush of pent-up affection, of love and pity, carried away the barriers of constraint and timidity. She clung to Lady Sybil with tears of joy, murmuring low broken words, calling her, 'Mother, Mother!' burying her face on her shoulder, pressing herself against her. In that moment her being was stirred to its depths. In all her life no one had caressed her after this fashion, no one had embraced her with passion, no one had kissed her with more than the placid affection which gentleness and goodness earn, and which kind offices, kindly performed, warrant. Even Sir Robert, even her father, proud as he was of her, much as he loved her, had awakened in her respect and gratitude, mingled with fear—rather than love.

After a moment, warned by approaching voices, Lady Sybil put her from her; but with a low and exultant laugh. 'You are mine, now!' she said. 'Mine, not his, mine! You will come to me when I want you. And I shall want you soon! Very soon!'

Mary laid hold of her again. 'Let me come now!' she cried with passion, forgetting all but the mother she had gained, the clinging arms which had cherished her, the kisses that had rained on her. 'Let me come to you! You are ill!'

'No! Not now! Not now! I will send for you when I want you,' Lady Sybil answered. 'I will promise to send for you. In good time, and it will be soon. And you will come!' she added with the same ring of triumph in her voice. 'You will come, I know!' For even amid the satisfaction of her mother-love it was joy to her to know that she had tricked her husband; to know that though she had taken all from the child and he had given all, the child was hers—hers, and could never be taken from her! 'You will come! For you will not have me long. But'—this in a whisper, as the voices came nearer, 'go now! Go now! And not a word! Not a word, child, as you love me. I will send for you when—when my time comes.'

And with a last look, strangely made up of love and pain and malicious triumph, Lady Sybil moved out of sight among the laurels. And Mary, drying her tears and composing her countenance as well as she could, turned to meet the intruders' eyes.

Fortunately—for she was far from being herself—the two persons who had wandered that way did but pause at the end of the Kennel Path, and, murmuring small talk, turn to retrace their steps. She gained a minute or two, in which to collect her thoughts and smooth her hair; but more than a minute or two she dared not linger lest her continued absence should arouse curiosity. As sedately as she could, she emerged from the shrubbery and made her way—though her breast heaved with a hundred emotions—towards the rustic bridge on which she saw that Lady Lansdowne was standing, keeping Sir Robert in talk.

In talk, indeed, of her. For as she approached he placed the coping-stone on that edifice of her praises which her ladyship had craftily led him to build. 'The most docile,' he said, 'I assure you, the most docile child you can imagine! A beautiful disposition. She is docility itself!'

'I hope she may always remain so,' Lady Lansdowne answered slyly.

'I've no doubt she will,' Sir Robert replied with fond assurance, his eye on the Honourable Bob, who was approaching the bridge from the lawns.

Lady Lansdowne followed the look with her eyes and smiled. But she said nothing. She turned to Mary, who was now near at hand, and reading in the girl's looks plain traces of trouble and of agitation, she contented herself with sending for Lady Louisa, and asking that her carriage might be called. In this way she cloaked under a little bustle the girl's embarrassment as she came up to them and joined them. Five minutes later Lady Lansdowne was gone.

After that, Mary would have had only too much food for thought, had her mother alone filled her mind; had those kisses which had so stirred her being, those clinging arms, and that face which bore the deep imprint of illness, alone burdened her memory. Years afterwards the beat of the music which played that evening in the gardens, while the party within sat at dinner, haunted her; bringing back, as such things will, the scene and her aching heart, the outward glitter and the inward care, the Honourable Bob's

gallantries and her father's stately figure as he rose and drank wine with her; ay, and the hip, hip, hurrah, which shook the glasses when an old squire, a privileged person, rose, before she could leave, and toasted her.

Burdened only with the sacred memories of the afternoon, and the anxiety, the pity, the love which they engendered, she had been far from happy. But in truth, with all her feeling for her mother, Mary now bore about her a keener and more bitter regret. The dull pain which had troubled her of late when thoughts of Arthur Vaughan would beset her was grown to a pang of shame, almost intolerable. She had told herself a hundred times before this that it was her weakness, and her fear of her father, which had led her to give him up—rather than a real belief in his baseness. For she had never, she was sure now, she had never believed in his baseness. But now that she *knew*—now that her mother, whose word it never struck her to doubt, had affirmed his innocence, now that a phrase had brought to her mind every incident of that coach-drive, the May morning, the sunshine, the budding trees, the birth of love—pain gnawed at her heart. She rolled her face in her pillow to stifle her sobs. She was sick with misery.

For, oh, how thankless, how poor and small a thing he must think her! He would have given her all, and she had robbed him of all. And then when she had robbed him, and he could give her little, she had turned her back on him, abandoned him, believed evil of him, heard him insulted, and joined in the outrage! Over that thought she shed many and many a bitter tear—that night and in after nights. Romance had come to her in her lowliness, and a noble lover, stooping to her, and she had slain the one and denied the other. And now, now there was nothing she could do, nothing she would dare to do.

For that she had for a moment believed in his baseness—if she had so believed—was not the worst. There she had been the sport of circumstances; and the phase had been brief. But she had been weak, she had been swayed, she had given him up at a word, there was the rub.

There was the rub! Oh, how happy had she been could she have undone the past! Could she have gone back to Miss Sibson's, and the dull schoolroom and the old stuff dress—and heard his step as he came across the forecourt to the door! Alas, it was too late. For she could never again make him rich, and herself poor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE HOUSE.

As a fact, Mary's notion of the opinion which Arthur Vaughan had of her was above, rather than below, the reality. In her most despondent moments she scarcely exaggerated the things he thought of her, the contempt in which he held her; or the resentment which set his blood coursing when he remembered how she had treated him. He had gone to her and laid all that was left to him at her feet; and she, who had already dealt his fortunes so terrible a blow, had paid him for his offer, for his sacrifice of much that was dear to him, with suspicion, with contumely, with mistrust! Instead of clinging to him, to whom she had that moment plighted her troth, she had deserted him at a word. In place of trusting the man who had wooed her in her poverty, she had believed the first whisper against him. She had shown herself heartless, faithless, inconstant as the wind—a very woman! With a bitterness of which the author of the lines had been quite incapable, he might have murmured—

Away, away—your smile's a curse;
Oh, blot me from the race of men,
Kind, pitying Heaven! by death or worse,
Before I love such things again!

But then Mr. Moore, though his poetry and his singing brought tears to the eyes of women of fashion, hardened by many an intrigue, had never lost at a blow a great estate, a high position, and his love.

Certainly Vaughan had, if man ever had, grounds for a quarrel with fate. He had left London heart-whole and happy, the heir to a large fortune. He returned a fortnight later a member of the Commons' House indeed, but heart-sick and soured, beggared of his expectations, and tortured by the thought of what might have been, if his love had proved true as she was fair, and constant as she was sweet. For dreams of her beauty still tormented him. Visions of the modest home in which he would have found consolation in failure, and smiles in success, rose up to deride him. He hated Sir Robert. He hated, or he tried to hate, the weakest and the most despicable of women. He saw all things and all men with a jaundiced eye; the sound of his voice and the look of

his face were altered. Men who knew him, and who passed him in the street, or who saw him eating his chop in solitary churlishness, nudged one another and said that he took his reverses ill ; while others, wounded by his curtness or his ill-humour, added that he did not go the right way to make the most of what was left.

For a certainty he was become a man unpleasant to handle. But, under the thorns, was a very human soul, wounded, sore, and miserable, seeking every way for an outlet from its pains, and finding hope of escape at one point only. Men were right when they said that he did not go the way to make the most of his chances. For he laid himself out to please no one ; it was not in him. But he worked late and early, and with furious energy, to fit himself for a political career ; believing that success in that career was all that was left to him, and that by the necessary labour he could best put the past behind him. Love and pleasure, and those sweets of home-life of which he had dreamed, were gone from him. But the stern prizes of ambition, the crown of those who live laborious days, might still be his—if the ‘ Mirror of Parliament ’ were never out of his hands, and if Mr. Hume himself were not more constant to his favourite pillar under the gallery than he to such chance-seat as might fall to him on the same side of the House.

Alas, he had not taken the oaths an hour—with a sore heart, in a ruck of undistinguished new members—before he saw that success was not so near, or so clearly within reach, as hope, with her flattering tale, had argued. The times were propitious, indeed. The debates were close and fiery, and were scanned out of doors with an interest unknown before. The strife between Croker and Macaulay in the Commons, the duel between Brougham and Lyndhurst in the Lords, were followed in the country with as much attention as a battle between Belcher and Tom Cribb ; and by the same classes. Everywhere men talked politics, talked of Reform, and of little else. The clubs, the ‘ Change, the taverns, nay, the drawing-rooms and the schools rang with the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill ; with Schedule A, cruel as Herod, and Schedule B, which spared one of twins. In front of the window in the Haymarket, which weekly displayed H.B.’s political caricatures, crowds stood gazing all day long, whatever the weather.

These things were in his favour. He remembered, besides, the stress which the Chancellor had laid on the advantage of entering

the House in advance of the crowd of new men whom the first Reformed Parliament must contain.

Unfortunately it seemed to him that he was one of just such a mob of new men, as it was. Nearly a fourth of his colleagues were new to St. Stephen's; and the greater part of these, owing to the circumstances of the election, were Whigs and sat on his side of the House. To raise his head above the level of a hundred competitors, numbering not a few men of wit and ability, and to do so within the short life of the present Parliament—for he saw no sure prospect of being returned a second time—was no mean task. Little wonder that he was as regular in his attendance as Mr. Speaker, and grew pale of nights over Woodfall's Important Debates.

In the pride of his first return he had dreamed of a reputation to be gained by his maiden speech; of burning periods that would astonish all who heard them, of flights of fancy to live for ever in the mouths of men, of a marshalling of facts so masterly, and an exposition of figures so clear, as to obscure the fame of Single-speech Hamilton, or of that modern phenomenon, Mr. Sadler. But whatever the effect of the present Chamber on the minds of novices, there was that in the old Chamber—mean and dingy as was its wainscoted interior, and cumbered by galleries—there was a something, were it but the memory that those walls had echoed the diatribes of Chatham and given back the voice of Burke, had heard the laugh of Walpole and the snore of North, which cooled the spirit of a new member; which shook his knees as effectually as if the panelling of the room had vanished at a touch, and revealed the glories of the Gothic chapel which lay behind it. For behind that panelling and those galleries the ancient chapel, with its sumptuous tracery and graceful statues, its frescoed walls and stained glass, still existed—no unfit image of the stately principles which lie behind the dull, everyday working of our Constitution.

To Arthur Vaughan, a student of the history of the House, this effect of the Chamber upon a new member was a commonplace. But he was a practised speaker in the mimic arena; and he thought that he might rise above the feeling. He fancied that he understood the *Genius Loci*, its hatred of affectation, and almost of eloquence, its dislike to be bored, its preference for the easy, the conversational, and the personal. And when he had waited three weeks—so much he gave to prudence—his time came.

He rose in a moderately thin House in the middle of the dinner-hour; and rose, as he thought, fully prepared. Indeed he started

well. He brought out two or three sentences with ease and *aplomb*; and he fancied the difficulty over, the threshold passed. But then—he knew not why, nor could he overcome the feeling—the silence, kindly meant, which greeted him as a new member, had a terrifying effect upon him. A mist rose before his eyes, his voice sounded strange to him—and distant and shrill. He dropped the thread of what he was saying, he repeated himself, and lost his nerve. For some seconds, standing there with all faces turned to him—they seemed numberless seconds to him, though in truth they were few—he could see nothing but the Speaker's wig, grown to an immense white cauliflower, which swelled and swelled and swelled until it filled the whole House. He stammered, repeated himself a second time—and was silent. And then, as, seeing that he was embarrassed, they cheered him, the mist cleared; and he went on—hurriedly and nervously. But he was aware that he had dropped a link in his argument, which he had not now the coolness to supply. And when he had murmured a few sentences, more or less inept and incoherent, he sat down.

In truth, he had made no mark, but he had also incurred no discredit. But he felt that the eyes of all were on him, that they were gloating over his failure. And comparing what he had done with what he had hoped to do, his achievement with those secret hopes, those absurd aspirations, he felt all the shame of open and ludicrous defeat. His face burned. He sat looking before him, not daring for a while to divert his gaze, or to learn in others' eyes how great had been his mishap.

Unfortunately, when he ventured to change his posture, and to put on his hat, which he had been holding in his hand since he sat down, he encountered Serjeant Wathen's eyes; and he read in them a look of amusement, which wounded his pride more than the open ridicule of a crowd. That was the finishing stroke. He walked out soon afterwards, bearing himself as indifferently as he could. But no man ever carried from the House a lower heart or a sense of more utter failure. He had mistaken his talents, he had no aptitude for debate. Success as a speaker was not within his reach.

He thought something better of it next day, but not much. Nor could he put off a sneaking hang-dog air when he entered the lobby. A number of members were gathered inside the double doors, where the stairs from the cloisters came up by a third door; and one or two whom he knew spoke to him—but not of his attempt.

He fancied that he read in their looks a knowledge that he had failed, and that he was no longer a man to be reckoned with. He imagined that they used a different tone to him. At length one of them spoke of it.

'Well, Vaughan,' he said pleasantly, 'you got through yesterday. But, if you'll take my advice, you'll wait a bit. It's only one here and there can make much of it to begin.'

'I certainly cannot,' Vaughan said, smiling frankly, the better to hide his mortification.

'Ah, well, you're not alone,' the other answered, shrugging his shoulders. 'You'll pick it up by-and-by, I daresay.' And he turned to speak to another member.

Vaughan on his side turned to the paper for the day which hung against each of the four pillars of the lobby; and he pretended to be absorbed in it. The employment helped him to keep his countenance, but he was sore wounded. He had held his head so high in imagination. He had given so loose a rein to his ambition. He had dreamt of making such an impression on the House as Mr. Macaulay, though new to it, had made in his speech on the second reading of the former Bill—and had deepened by his speech at the like stage of the present Bill. Now he was told that he was no worse than the common run of country members who twice in three sessions rose and blundered through half a dozen sentences. He was consoled with the reflection that only 'one here and there' succeeded. Only one here and there! When to him it was everything to succeed and to succeed quickly. It was all that he had left.

The stream of members, entering the House, was large; for the motion to commit the Bill was down for that afternoon, and, if carried, would virtually put an end to opposition in the Commons.

Out of the corner of his eye, Vaughan scanned them, and envied the leaders. Peel, cold, proud, and unapproachable, went by on the arm of Goulburn. Croker, pale and saturnine, casting frowning glances here and there, went in alone. The handsome portly form of Sir James Graham passed, in talk with the Rupert of Debate. After these came a rush of members; and at the tail of all lumbered in the unwieldy, slovenly form of Sir Charles Wetherell, followed by a couple of his satellites.

Vaughan, glancing on one side of the paper which he appeared to be studying, caught Sir Charles's eye, reddened, and looked away. Seated on opposite sides of the House—and no man on either side was more bitter, virulent, and pugnacious than Wetherell

—the two had not encountered one another since that evening at Stapylton, when the existence of Sir Robert's daughter had been disclosed to Vaughan. They had not spoken, much less had there been any friendly passage between them. But now Sir Charles paused, and held out his hand.

'How do you do, Mr. Vaughan?' he said in his deep bass voice. 'Your maiden essay yesterday, eh?'

Vaughan winced. 'Yes,' he said stiffly, fancying that he read amusement in the other's moist eye.

To his surprise, 'You'll do,' Sir Charles rejoined, looking at the floor and speaking in a despondent tone. 'It's a deal better to begin in that way than like some d—d peacock on a lady's terrace. Take the opportunity of saying three or four sentences some fine day—and repeat it a week later. And I'll wager you'll do.'

'But little, I am afraid,' Vaughan said. None the less was his heart full of gratitude to the fat ungainly man.

'All, maybe,' Wetherell grunted. 'I shouldn't wonder. I've been told, by one who heard him, that Canning hesitated in his first speech, very much as you did. It was on the Sardinian Subsidy. The men who don't feel the House never know the House. They dazzle it, Mr. Vaughan, but they don't guide it. And that's what we've got to do.'

He passed on then, with a melancholy nod and averted eyes, but Vaughan could have blest him for that 'we.' 'There's one man at least believes in me,' he told himself. And when a few hours later, in the midst of a scene as turbulent as any which the House of Commons had ever witnessed—nine times without a pause it divided on the motion that 'this House do now adjourn'—when in the midst of the fray he watched the man who had commended him, riding the storm, and directing the whirlwind, now lashing the Whigs to fury by his sarcasm, and now carrying the whole House away in a hurricane of laughter—if he did not approve—and with his views he could not approve—he learnt, and learnt much. He saw that the fat, untidy man, with the heavy face and that hiatus between his breeches and his waistcoat which had made him famous, was allowed to do things, and to say things, and to look things, for which a less honest man had been hurried long ago to the Clock Tower. And this because the House believed in him; because it knew that he was fighting for a principle really dear to him; because it knew that he honestly put faith in those pre-

dictions of woe which he scattered so freely, and in that ruin of the Constitution with which he twitted his opponents.

A week later Vaughan acted upon his advice. He seized an opportunity and, catching the Chairman's eye—the Bill was in Committee—he delivered himself of a dozen sentences, with so much spirit and propriety, that Sir Robert Peel, speaking an hour later, referred to the 'plausible suggestion made by the Honourable Member for Chippinge.' The reference drew all eyes to Vaughan; and though nothing was said to him, and he took care to bear himself as if he had done no better than before, he left the House with a lighter step and a comfortable warmth about the heart. That evening he was more at ease, if not more happy, than he had felt for weeks past. Love, pleasure, and the rest were gone; and faith in woman. But if he could be sure of gaining a seat in the next Parliament, the way might be longer than he had hoped, it might be more toilsome and more dusty; but in the end he would arrive at the Treasury Bench.

He little thought that the effort on which he hugged himself was to prove a fount of misfortunes. But so it turned out. His maiden speech had attracted neither notice nor envy. But those few sentences, short and simple as they were, by drawing an answer from the leader of the Opposition, had gained both for him. Within five minutes a score of members had asked 'Who is he?' and another score had detailed the circumstances of his election for Chippinge. He had gone down to vote for his cousin, in his cousin's borough, family vote and the rest; so the story ran. Then, finding on the morning of the polling that if he threw over his cousin he might gain the seat for himself, he had turned his coat in a—well, a very dubious manner, snatched the seat, and—here he was!

In brief, it was the version of the facts, which he had once dreaded, and about which he had long ceased to trouble himself.

There were, perhaps, half a dozen men in the House who knew the precise facts, and knew that the young man had professed from the first the opinions which he was now supporting. But there was just so much truth in the version, garbled as it was, just so much *vraisemblance* in the tale, that even those who knew the facts could not wholly contradict it. To Wetherell's ears the story did not come; or he, for certain, would have gainsaid it. But it did come to Wathen's. Now the Serjeant was capable of spite. He had not forgotten the manner after which Vaughan had flouted

him at Chippinge; and his defence—if a defence it could be called—was accompanied by so many nods and shrugs that persons less prejudiced than Tories, embittered by defeat and wounded by personalities, might have been forgiven if they went from the Serjeant with a lower opinion of our friend than before.

At any rate from that day Vaughan, though he knew nothing of the matter, and no one spoke to him of it, was a marked man in the eyes of the opposite party. They regarded him as a renegade; while his own side were not over-anxious to make his cause their own. The May election had been contested with more spirit and less scruple than any election within living memory; and many things had been done and many said of which honourable men were not proud. But though it was acknowledged that such things must be done here and there, and even that the doers must not be repudiated, it was felt that the party need not grapple the latter to its breasts with hooks of steel. Rumour had it that Lord Lansdowne felt himself to blame; that the offender had been disinherited by his cousin was whispered. If the latter were true, the man would be of no great importance in the future; and if he did not make a second appearance in Parliament, the loss to the party would be small. Not a few summed up the matter in that way.

Vaughan was not intimate with anyone in the House, or he would have learned what was afoot; and he might have taken steps to set himself right. But until lately he had lived with his regiment; he had but made his bow to Society; and, since his misfortune, he had been too sore to make new friends. Of course he had acquaintances not a few—all men have acquaintances; but no one in political circles knew him well enough to think it worth while to put him on his guard.

Unluckily, the next occasion which brought him to his feet was of a nature to give point to the feeling against him. On a certain Thursday, Serjeant Wathen moved that the Borough of Chippinge be removed from Schedule A to Schedule B—his object being to save for it one member; and Vaughan, thinking the opening favourable, rose, intending to make a few remarks in a strain to which the House, proverbially fond of a personal explanation, is prone to listen with indulgence. For the motion itself, he had not much hope that it would be carried, since in a dozen other cases a similar motion had failed.

He began well enough.

'It can only be, Mr. Bernal,' he said, addressing the Chairman of Committees—and this time the sound of his voice did not perturb him—'from a strict sense of duty, it cannot be without pain that any member—and I say this not on my account only, but on behalf of many honourable members of this House——'

'No! No! Leave us out!'

The words were uttered so loudly and so rudely that he paused in confusion, and looked in the direction whence they came. At once cries of 'No, no! Divide! No! No!' poured on him from all parts of the House, accompanied by a dropping fire of cat-calls and cock-crows. He lost the thread of his sentence, and for a moment stood confounded. The Chairman of Committees did not interfere, and for an instant it looked as if the young speaker would be compelled to sit down.

But he recovered himself, gaining courage from the very vigour with which he was attacked, and which seemed out of proportion to his importance. The moment a lull in the fire of interruption occurred, he spoke in a louder voice.

'I say, sir,' he proceeded, looking about him courageously, 'that it is only with pain, only under the *force majeure* of a love for his country, that any member can support the deletion from the Borough Roll of this House of that constituency which has honoured him with its confidence.'

'Divide! Divide!' roared many on both sides of the House. 'Cock-a-doodle-doo! Doo! Doo!'

But this fresh burst of disapproval found him better prepared. Firmly, though the beads of perspiration stood on his brow, he persisted. 'And if,' he continued, 'in a case which appeals so nearly to himself an honourable member sees that the standard which justifies the survival of a representative can be reached, with what gratification, sir, with what earnestness, sir, whether he sit on this side of the House or on that——'

'No! No! Leave us out!' in a roar of sound. In truth the Tories were uncertain on which side he was speaking. And 'Divide! Divide!' they shouted.

'Or on that,' he repeated.

'Divide! Divide!'

'Must he not press its claims,' he persisted gallantly, 'and support its interests? Ay, sir, and welcome, in the event of success, a decision at once just, and of so much advantage, I will not say to himself——'

'It never will be to you!' shrieked a voice from the darkest corner under the opposite gallery. 'Never!'

The shaft went home. He faltered, paused, began again. But a roar of laughter drowned his next words, and continued so long that he gave up the struggle and sat down with a burning face; in some confusion, but in greater perplexity. Had he transgressed, he wondered ruefully, some unwritten law of the House? Had he offended in ignorance, and persisted in his offence? Should he not, though Wathen had spoken, have spoken in his own case? In a matter so nearly touching himself?

He spoke to the member who chanced to sit next him. 'What was it?' he asked humbly. 'Did I do something wrong?'

The man glanced at him coldly. 'Oh, no,' he said. And he shrugged his shoulders.

'But——'

'On the contrary, I fancy you've to congratulate yourself,' his neighbour continued with a sneer so faint that Vaughan did not perceive it. 'I understand that we're to do as we like on this—and they know it on the other side. Eh? Yes, there's the division. I think,' with the same faint sneer, 'you'll save your seat.'

'By Jove!' Vaughan exclaimed. 'You don't say so!' He could hardly believe it.

But so it turned out. And so great was the boon—the greater, as no other borough was transferred in Committee—that it swept away for the time the memory of what had happened. The seat saved, it was odd if, with the wider electorate created by the Bill, he was not sure of his return! Odd, if he was not sure of beating Wathen—he, who had opened the borough and been returned by the Whig interest, even while it was closed. He need no longer feel so anxious and despondent when the Dissolution, which must follow the passage of the Bill, was named. No longer need he be in so great a hurry to make his mark, so envious of Mr. Macaulay, so jealous of Mr. Sadler.

Certainly, as far as his political career was in question, the horizon seemed to be clearing. If only other things had been as favourable. If only there had been someone, were it in a cottage at Hammersmith or in a dull street off Bloomsbury Square, to whom he might take home this piece of news; certain that other eyes would sparkle more brightly than his, and another heart beat quick with joy!

That could not be. There was an end of that. And his face

grew gloomy again. Yet he was less unhappy. The certainty of a seat in the next Parliament was a great point gained. A great point to the good.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A RIGHT AND LEFT.

If anything was certain in a political world so changed, it was certain that if the Reform Bill passed the Lords—in the teeth of those plaguy Bishops of whose opposition so much was heard—a Dissolution would immediately follow. To not a few of the members the contingency was a spectre, ever-present, seated at bed and board, and able to defy the rules even of Almack's and Crockford's. For how could a gentleman, who had just given five thousand pounds for his seat, contemplate with equanimity a notice to quit, so rude and so premature? And worse, a notice to quit which meant extrusion into a world in which seats at five thousand for a Parliament would be few and far between; and fair agreements to pay a thousand a year while the privilege lasted would be unknown!

Many a member asked loudly and querulously, 'What will happen to the country if the Bill pass?' But more asked themselves in their hearts, and more often and more querulously, 'What will happen to me if the Bill pass? How shall I fare at the hands of these new constituencies, which, unwelcome as a gipsy's brats, I am forced to bring into the world?'

Hitherto few on his own side of the House, and not many on the Tory side, had regarded a Dissolution with more misgiving than Arthur Vaughan. The borough for which he sat lay under doom, and he saw no opening elsewhere. He had no longer influence or prospects, or such a fortune as justified him in an appeal to one of the new and populous constituencies. For the present, certainly, it was a pleasant thing to go in and out by the door of the privileged, to take his chop at Bellamy's, to lounge in the dignified seclusion of the library, or to air his new honours in Westminster Hall. It was agreeable to have that sensation of living at the hub of things, to receive whips, to give franks, to feel that the ladder of ambition was open to him. But he knew that an experience of the House counted by months did no man good; and the prospect of losing his plumes and going forth a common biped had been the more painful to him because his all was

embarked in the venture. He might, indeed, fall back on the bar; but with half a heart, and the reputation of a man who had tried to fly before he could walk.

His relief, therefore, when Chippinge—alone of all the Boroughs in Schedule A—was removed in Committee to Schedule B, was great. The road was open once more, while the exceptional nature of his luck almost persuaded him that he was reserved for greatness. True, Serjeant Wathen might pride himself on the same fact: but at the thought Vaughan smiled. The Serjeant and Sir Robert would find it a trifle harder to deal with the hundred and odd voters whom the Act enfranchised than with the old Cripples. And very, very ungrateful would those hundred and odd be, if they did not vote for the man who had made their cause his own.

A load, indeed, was lifted from his mind, and for some days his relief could be read in the lightness of his step, and the returning gaiety of his eyes. He knew nothing of the things which were being whispered respecting him. And though he had cause to fancy that he was not a *persona grata* on his own benches, he thought sufficiently well of himself to set this down to jealousy. There is a stage in the life of a rising man when all hands are against him; and those most cruelly which will presently applaud him most loudly. He flattered himself that he had set a foot on the ladder: and while he waited for an opportunity to raise himself another step, he came as near to a kind of feverish happiness as thoughts of Mary, ever recurring when he was alone, would permit. For the time the loss of his prospects ceased to trouble him seriously—he tried to think of other things. He lived less in his rooms, more among men. He was less crabbed, less moody. And so the weeks wore away in Committee, and a day or two after the Coronation the Bill came on for the third reading.

The House was utterly weary. The leaders on both sides were reserving their strength for the final debate, and Vaughan had some hope that he might find an opening to speak with effect. With this in his mind he was on his way across the Park about three in the afternoon, conning his peroration, when a hand was clapped on his shoulder, and he turned to find himself face to face with Flixton.

So much had happened since they stood together on the hustings, Vaughan's fortunes had changed so greatly since they had parted in anger in Queen's Square, that he, at any rate, had no thought of bearing malice. To Flixton's 'Well, my hearty, you're a neat

artist, ain't you? Going to the House, I take it?' he gave a cordial answer.

'Yes,' he said. 'That's it.'

'Bringing ruination on the country, eh?' And Flixton passed his arm through his, and walked on with him. 'That's the ticket?'

'Some say so, but I hope not.'

'Hope's a cock that won't fight, my boy!' the Honourable Bob rejoined. 'Fact is, you're doing your best, only the House of Lords is in the way, and won't let you! They'll pull you up sweetly, see if they don't!'

'And what will the country say to that?' Vaughan rejoined good-humouredly.

'Country be d——d! That's what all you chaps are saying. And I tell you what! That book-in-breeches man—what do you call him—Macaulay?—ought to be pulled up! He ought indeed. I read one of his farragoes the other day and it was full of nothing but "Think long, I beg, before you thwart the public will!" and "The might of an angered people!" and "Let us beware of rousing!" and all that rubbish. Meaning, my boy, only he didn't dare to say it straight out, that if the Lords did not give way to you chaps there'd be a revolution, and the deuce to pay! And I say he ought to be in the dock. He's as bad as old Brereton down in Bristol, predicting fire and flames and all the rest of it.'

'But you cannot deny, Flixton,' Vaughan answered soberly, 'that the country is excited as we have never known it excited before? And that a rising is not impossible!'

'A rising! I wish we could see one! That's just what we want,' the Honourable Bob answered, stopping and bringing his companion to a sudden stand also. 'Eh? Who was that old Roman—Poppæa, or some name like that, who said he wished the people had all one head that he might cut it off?' suiting the action to the word with his cane. 'A rising, begad? The sooner the better! The old Fourteenth would know how to deal with it!'

'I don't know that you would be so confident if you were once face to face with it!' Vaughan answered.

'Oh, come!'

'Well, but the position—'

'Oh, I know all about that! But I say, old chap,' he continued, changing his tone, and descending abruptly from the political to the personal situation, 'you've played your cards badly, haven't you? Eh?'

Vaughan fancied that he referred to Mary; or at least to his quarrel with Sir Robert. And he froze. 'I won't discuss that,' he said in a different tone. And he moved on again.

'But I was there the evening you had the row!'

'At Stapylton?'

'Yes.'

'Well?' Vaughan said stiffly. 'What of that?'

'And, lord, man, why didn't you sing a bit small? And the old gentleman would have come round in no time!'

Vaughan halted, with anger in his face. 'I won't discuss it!' he said, with a hint of violence in his tone.

'Very well, very well!' Flixton replied with the superabundant patience of the man whose withers are not wrung. 'But when you did get your seat—why didn't you come to terms with someone?' with a wink. 'As it is, what's the good of being in the House three months, or six months—and out again?'

Vaughan wished most heartily that he had not met the Honourable Bob; who, he remembered, had always possessed, hearty and jovial as he seemed, a most remarkable knack of rubbing him the wrong way. 'How do you know?' he asked with a touch of contempt—was he, a rising Member of Parliament, to be scolded after this fashion? 'How do you know that I shall be out?'

'You'll be out, if it's Chippinge you are looking to.'

'Why so sure, my friend?'

Flixton winked with deeper meaning than before. 'Ah, that's telling,' he said. 'Still—why not? If you don't hear it from me, old chap, you'll soon hear it from someone. Why, you ask? Well, because a little bird whispered to me that Chippinge was—arranged! That Sir Robert and the Lansdownes understood one another; and whichever way it went, it would not come your way!'

Vaughan reddened deeply. 'I don't believe it,' he said bluntly.

'Did you know that Chippinge was going to be spared?'

'No.'

'They didn't tell you?'

'No.'

'Ah!' shrugging his shoulders and preparing to take his departure. 'Well, other people knew, and there it is. I may be wrong, I hope I am, old chap. Hope I am. But anyway I must be going. I turn here. See you soon, I hope!'

And with a wave of the hand the Honourable Bob marched off through Whitehall, his face breaking into a mischievous grin

as soon as he was out of Vaughan's sight. 'Return hit for your snub, Miss Mary!' he muttered. 'If you prick me, I prick him! And do him good, too! He was always a most confounded prig.'

Meanwhile Vaughan was striding on past Downing Street; the old street, long swept away, in which Walpole lived, and to which the dying Chatham was carried. And unconsciously, under the spur of his angry thoughts, he quickened his pace. It was incredible, it was inconceivable that so monstrous an injustice had been planned, or could be perpetrated. He, who had stepped into the breach, in his own despite; he, who had refused, so scrupulous had he been, to stand on a first invitation; he, who had been elected almost against his will—was, for all thanks, to be set aside, and by his friends! By those whose unsolicited act it had been to return him and to put him into this position. It was impossible, he told himself; it was unthinkable! Were it so, the meanness of political life had reached its apogee! The faithlessness of the Whigs, their incredible treachery to their dependants, could need no other exemplar!

'I'll not bear it! By Heaven, I'll not bear it!' he muttered. And striding along in the hurry of his spirits as if he carried a broom and swept the whole Whig party before him, he overtook no less a person than Serjeant Wathen, who had been lunching at the Athenæum.

The Serjeant heard his voice and, turning, saw who it was. He fancied that Vaughan's words had been addressed to him. 'I beg your pardon,' he said politely. 'I did not catch what you said, Mr. Vaughan.'

For a moment Vaughan glowered at him, as if he would sweep him from his path, along with the Whigs. Then out of the fulness of the heart the mouth spoke. 'Mr. Serjeant,' he said, in a not very friendly tone, 'do you know anything of an agreement disposing of the future representation of Chippinge?'

The Serjeant, who knew all under the rose, looked shrewdly at his companion to see, if possible, what he knew. And, to gain time, 'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'I don't think I—quite understand you.'

'I am told,' Vaughan said haughtily, 'that an agreement has been made to avoid a contest at Chippinge.'

'Do you mean,' the Serjeant asked blandly, 'at the next election, Mr. Vaughan?'

‘At future elections!’

The Serjeant shrugged his shoulders. ‘As a member,’ he said primly, ‘I take care to know nothing of such agreements. And I would recommend you, Mr. Vaughan, to adopt that rule. For the rest,’ he added, with a candid smile, ‘I give you fair warning that I shall contest the seat. May I ask who was your informant?’

‘Mr. Flixton.’

‘Flixton? Flixton? Ah! The gentleman who is to marry Miss Vermuyden! Well, I can only repeat that I, at any rate, am no party to such an agreement.’

His sly look, which seemed to deride his companion’s inexperience, said as plainly as a look could say, ‘You find the game of politics less simple than you thought?’ And at another time it would have fired the younger man’s anger. But as one pellet drives out another, the Serjeant’s reference to Mary Vermuyden had in one second driven the prime subject from Vaughan’s mind. He did not speak for a moment; and then with his face averted, ‘Is Mr. Flixton—going to marry Miss Vermuyden?’ he asked, in a constrained tone. ‘I had not heard of it.’

‘I only heard it yesterday,’ the Serjeant replied. He was not unwilling to shelve the other topic. ‘But it is rumoured, and I believe it is true. Quite a romance, her story?’ he continued airily. ‘Quite a nine days’ wonder! But’—he checked himself sharply—‘I beg your pardon! I was forgetting how nearly it concerned you. Dear me, dear me! Well, it is a fair wind indeed that blows no one any harm!’

Vaughan made no reply. He could not speak, for the hard beating of his heart. Wathen looked at him inquisitively. But the Serjeant had not the clue; he could only suspect that the marriage touched the other, because issue of it would bar his chance of succession. So, though they walked some distance together, no more was said. As they crossed New Palace Yard a member drew the Serjeant aside, and Vaughan went up alone to the Lobby.

But all thought of speaking was gone from his mind; nor did the thinness of the House when he entered tempt him. There were hardly more than a hundred present, and these were lolling here and there with their hats on in the dull light of a September afternoon. A dozen others looked sleepily from the galleries, their arms flattened on the rail, their chins on their arms. There were only

a couple of Ministers on the Treasury Bench, and Lord John Russell was moving the third reading. No one seemed to take much interest in the matter; a stranger entering at the moment would have learned with amazement that this was the mother of parliaments, the renowned House of Commons. With still greater amazement would he have learned that the small boyish-looking gentleman in the high-collared coat, and with lips moulded on Cupid's bow, who appeared to be making some perfunctory remarks upon the weather, or the state of the crops, was really advancing by an important stage the famous Bill, which had convulsed three kingdoms and was destined to change the political face of the land.

Lord John sat down at length, thrusting his head at once into a packet of papers, which the gloom hardly permitted him to read. A clerk at the table mumbled something; and a gentleman on the other side of the House rose and began to speak. He had not uttered many sentences, however, before the Members on the Reform benches awoke, not only to life, but to fury. Stentorian shouts of 'Divide! 'Vide!' rendered the speaker inaudible: and after looking towards the door of the House more than once he sat down, and the House went to a Division. In a few minutes it was known that the Bill had been read a third time, by 113 to 58.

But the foreign gentleman would have made a great mistake had he gone away supposing that Lord John's placid words—and not those spiteful shouts—represented the feelings of the House. In truth the fiercest passions were at work under the surface. Among the fifty-eight who shrugged their shoulders and accepted the verdict in gloomy silence were some primed with the fiercest invectives; and others, tongue-tied men who nevertheless believed that Lord John Russell was a Republican, and Althorp a fool. These were certain that the Whigs, wittingly or unwittingly, were working the destruction of the country. Already they saw her dragged from the pride of place to which a nicely-balanced Constitution had raised her, and laid with her choicest traditions at the feet of the rabble. Men who believed such things, and saw the deed done before their eyes, might accept their doom in silence—even as the King of old went silently to the Banqueting Hall hard by. But not with joy or easy hearts.

Vaughan, therefore, was not the only one who walked into the Lobby that evening, brooding darkly on his revenge. Yet he behaved himself as men so bred, so trained, do behave themselves. He held his peace. And no one dreamed, not even Orator

Hunt, who sat not far from him under the shadow of his White Hat, that this well-connected young gentleman was revolving thoughts of the Social Order, and of the Party System, and of most things which the Church Catechism commends, beside which that terrible Radical's own opinions were mere Tory prejudices. 'The fickleness of women! The treachery of men! Oh, *Ætna*, bury them! Oh, *Ocean*, overwhelm them! Let all cease together and be no more! But give me sweet, oh sweet, oh sweet *Revenge*!'

(To be continued.)

OBJECTS OF POLAR DISCOVERY.

BY SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM, K.C.B., F.R.S.

THE work of exploration and discovery has been, for at least four centuries, the most distinguishing feature in our history. Exploration has been the nursery of our seamen, the origin of our colonies, and the main source of our greatness. There are men among us whose souls are in their ledgers, and who can see no use in anything unless there is a yield, and an immediate yield, in £. s. d. Their cry is, 'What is the good of it?' On these, argument would be wasted.

But the great body of the English instructed public of the present day has shown that it is willing, even eager, to consider carefully the reasons for undertaking expeditions, the results of which are likely to redound to the credit of the country, and to take a broad and enlightened view of the prospective and collateral as well as of the direct advantages. To this large section of the public it is thought that a review of the motives that have influenced our ancestors and our contemporaries in promoting the despatch of polar expeditions will not be without interest.

When we turn to the days of Elizabeth we are in a different atmosphere altogether, and the sordid utilitarian gang of later times vanishes into space. It is true that the avowed objects were commercial advantages, by discovering shorter routes to Cathay either over the Pole or along the N.W. or N.E. passages. It was the belief, in those days, that ice did not form on the open sea away from land, so that, with the existing knowledge, these splendid attempts were quite rational and well-conceived. Although the main objects were not secured, the results of the early Arctic voyages were of immense national importance. Young King Edward VI. and his friend Henry Sydney induced the merchant adventurers to attempt a voyage by the N.E. passage to Cathay. The result was the opening of a most important and lucrative trade with Russia by the White Sea. The attempt at the Pole by Hudson failed, but his voyage, and those of his successors, Fotherby, Poole, and Edge, led to the establishment of the Spitsbergen fishery, which enriched flourishing communities at the seaports of Yorkshire and Scotland for more than two centuries. The voyages of Hudson and Button, James and Luke Fox, pointed the way to the foundation of the great

Hudson's Bay Company which has flourished for 250 years and is still flourishing.

He would be a very bold or a very ignorant man who would have the assurance to raise the cry of 'What was the good of them?' against these early Arctic voyages. But this is not the true inwardness of the matter. The mere commercial profits were not the really important results of the Elizabethan voyages. These were more far-reaching. Milton, not as a poet, but as a great prose writer, declared as much. He said that such enterprises would be heroic, if the desire for gain had not been the motive.

These maritime enterprises aroused the enthusiasm of English adventurers. They became a tradition which kept alive the love of country, the love of deeds of derring-do. Their influence carried Englishmen to the remotest corners of the earth, ensuring commercial prosperity and finally establishing the British Empire. Arctic voyages formed the best school for our seamen. Sir Martin Frobisher, the Arctic voyager, was one of Elizabeth's best naval commanders, and the one in whom the great Queen placed most trust. William Burrough, the Arctic voyager, was Controller of the Navy and the chief authority on terrestrial magnetism. Stephen Burrough, the Arctic voyager, was chief pilot of the Medway, and the best pilot in the Queen's service. John Davis, the Arctic voyager, piloted the first English fleet to India, and wrote the best work on nautical astronomy. William Baffin, the Arctic voyager, also piloted ships to India and was an accomplished observer and cartographer. These are the best results of the early Arctic expeditions; but by no means the only results.

There was the influence for good of the thrilling narratives of the explorers, collected in the great work of Hakluyt. This influence was incalculable. From the stories of their adventures came the spirit of Elizabethan literature. Shakespeare was steeped in them, and their influence is seen in his later plays. Milton, in his great epic, derives metaphors and illustrations from the pages of Hakluyt, indeed 'Paradise Lost' is almost a gazetteer of the voyages of our explorers, so frequently do the names of distant places occur throughout the poem. More especially are the Arctic voyages alluded to, and used to illustrate the poet's thoughts. To quote one example:

As when two polar winds blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagin'd way
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast.

Deep as was the impression made upon the poets, whose works are immortal, by the polar enterprises of their time, it was equally found among the people generally, though, of course, not so apparent. We see it in the generous support of merchant princes, in the eagerness for service in such enterprises, and in the preservation of the traditions of great attempts from generation to generation.

It was in the eighteenth century that our Government fully recognised the duty not only of encouraging, but of organising and despatching, voyages of discovery. There is no nobler State Paper in our history than the instructions given to Commodore Byron, which defines this duty in the clearest and most emphatic terms. Even war was not allowed to interfere with it; the observance of which was made illustrious by the voyages of Byron, Wallis, Cook, Phipps, Vancouver, Broughton, and Flinders. The Governments and the people of that day had no need to answer the question as to material utility, for there were no wiseacres to put it. They are the scum of a later generation. The results of such expeditions were the founding of our Australasian colonies, the promotion of research, great additions to geographical knowledge, contributions to literature which have been the delight of succeeding generations, and the continuance of the very best school for our Navy. Lord Nelson was an Arctic voyager; so was the gallant Riou, one of Nelson's most trusted captains, who fell at Copenhagen; so was Burney, the author of 'Voyages to the Pacific'; so was Ledyard, the intrepid traveller sent out by the African Association.

From the time of the voyage under Phipps, towards the Pole, in 1776, it was quite understood that there could be no trade routes by the Pole or by a N.W. passage. From that time, the attempts to reach the Pole or to make the N.W. passage were solely attempts to solve geographical problems of great interest, and the expeditions had for their direct object the extension of knowledge in all branches of science. Although this is an all-sufficient reason for despatching the expeditions, it must be remembered that their indirect results were valuable from a mere commercial point of view. Ross, in 1818, showed the way to the lucrative whale fishery in the north water of Baffin's Bay. Parry, in 1825, led the whalers further afield down Prince Regent's Inlet. The Russian Arctic boat voyages opened up a flourishing trade in fossil ivory. But these are not now the great objects of polar research. The Government took the matter up in earnest, after the war, organising and despatching over a dozen Arctic expeditions and one Antarctic expedition within

the next quarter of a century. Then the names of Franklin, Ross, and Parry, of Back, Lyon, and Beechey, became household words to the youth of England. In those days, the Government knew its duty, and did it. Geographical discovery was the direct object, with the magnetic and other observations which, as it was beginning to be well understood, were daily becoming more important. But successive Boards of Admiralty were also actuated by motives of high policy. In no better school could officers, in time of peace, be given fairer chances for distinction, and opportunities of acquiring that rapidity of decision, presence of mind, power of endurance, faculty of adaptation and invention, and those qualifications as leaders of men, which are so essential in the operations of war.

During the searches for the Franklin Expedition, which covered a period of nearly twelve years, most extensive discoveries were made, a system of sledge travelling was established, which is the true way of exploring frozen regions, and with which the name of McClintock will always be associated, while the names of McClure, McClintock, Mecham, Sherard Osborn, and Vesey Hamilton took their places beside those of Parry, Franklin, and Ross.

The Crimean war followed, then a long peace, and the Navy again began to sigh for opportunities of distinction. The enlightened statesmen and naval officers of former Boards of Admiralty had passed away. Cockburn and Seymour, Beaufort and Barrow were dead. There, 'red-tape' politicians had taken their places, without either appreciation of the past or comprehension of present requirements. Sherard Osborn pleaded for a renewal of polar enterprise with that fascinating eloquence which always secured attention, but for years without result. It is true that the statesmen to whom the case was presented, the Duke of Somerset, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Goschen, never denied the duty so fully recognised by former Governments. But reasons for delay were always found. At last, and rather suddenly, Lord Beaconsfield announced that the Government would despatch an Arctic expedition; giving as the reason, the importance of encouraging that spirit of maritime enterprise which had always distinguished the English people. So the expedition of 1875-76 was fitted out, and did admirable work, which fully justified its despatch.

Lord Beaconsfield's reason was an excellent one: it represented the policy of the best and most enlightened statesmen of this country for the last three centuries. Meanwhile, with the advance of knowledge, the actual scientific results of polar expeditions, whether

Arctic or Antarctic, had become more significant and more important; for it was seen that the polar regions did not stand by themselves, but that as regards nearly all branches of science, they must be considered in their relations to the rest of the globe.

The Beaconsfield dictum was but a flash in the pan, and there was no continuity of policy. The moment the expedition returned, everything was given up. The ships were used for other purposes, the admirably trained officers and men were dispersed, and the results were ignored. It is almost incredible that the Government actually refused to publish the exceedingly valuable results of its own expedition. If the work had been continued, the expense would have been very slight, and in two or three, or at the outside five years, the whole region would have been sufficiently explored, and the Arctic mystery would have been solved.

The solution came with the great conception of Nansen, aided by the discoveries of Nares and the earlier English explorers.

But it had become manifest that the Government could no longer be relied upon in the conduct of the great national work of exploration and discovery. Encouraged and shared in by the great Queen and her councillors, felt to be a duty by the successive Ministries in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries up to 1875, such work was once officially supported not only in the polar regions, but also in unknown Africa and in South America. The old race of British statesmen who held these views has now passed away, with their honourable traditions, their wide general knowledge, their breadth of view, and their intimate acquaintance with the best impulses of their countrymen and how to guide them.

The Beaconsfield dictum was a repetition of the words of illustrious predecessors; but after 1875 it fell flat. In the last thirty years there has arisen a new race of politicians of the strictly utilitarian school, caring for little but immediate needs, and guided by no tradition of the past. The Parliamentary grant for the recent Antarctic expedition showed a glimmering sense of duty, while certainly the permission for officers and men to volunteer ensured the success of the enterprise.¹ But the grant was hampered with conditions; and the glimmer of light was soon extinguished.

There are exceptions among the younger statesmen. There is

¹ Due solely to Sir Anthony Hoskins and the naval members of the Board of Admiralty.

the ring of true mettle in words spoken the other day by the late Viceroy of India. 'Wherever unknown lands are waiting to be opened up, wherever the secrets of the earth are waiting to be wrested from her, wherever advance is possible, and duty and self-sacrifice call, there is, as there has been for hundreds of years, the true summons of the Anglo-Saxon race.'

At least one member of the late Government is steeped in Elizabethan lore, and fully appreciates the value and importance of voyages of discovery; moreover he is a grand-nephew of one of Sir Edward Parry's Arctic captains. There is hope, therefore, that the whole mass may be leavened; but it is a hope for the distant future.

Meanwhile the solution of the Arctic problem made it necessary to turn to the south, and to commence a succession of efforts to bring the vast unknown Antarctic region within the knowledge of mankind. The question was whether the political dry rot had spread so as to affect the views likely to be taken by the thinking public generally; or whether those who would feel with the Curzons and Wyndhams were still the majority.

The two great motives were once more set forth in full detail; namely the advancement of knowledge, and the encouragement of maritime enterprise. The vast extent and interest of the geographical discoveries were sufficiently obvious. On this point the late Duke of Argyll, a keen supporter of Antarctic enterprise, felt strongly. His Grace, with many others, also dwelt on the extraordinary interest attaching to the geological questions connected with the unknown region, in their relations to those of other parts of the southern hemisphere. The importance of magnetic observations over an unknown area was explained in detail, both as regards pure science and practical navigation. The value of meteorology, of other observations in physics, and in the science of biology was also set forth. Indeed there was a complete consensus of scientific opinion that these results more than justified the despatch of Antarctic expeditions.

The other, and more enduring reason, was not urged with anything like the same persistency, yet it was the true motive which raised the funds. Years ago, Sherard Osborn had said amidst naval applause: 'Do not make us pass our lives cleaning brass-work and crossing top-gallant yards. There is good naval work to be done in time of peace.' Alas! though men can still part brass rags, they can no longer cross top-gallant yards. The need

for such exploring work as Sherard Osborn thought so desirable is greater now. Yards and masts have disappeared. One of the most eloquent speeches ever made by a naval officer was that in which Harry Keppel described reefing topsails in a gale, and the qualifications for the man hauling out the weather earring. Where are his successors now? Not learning to be seamen aloft, not acquiring experience and presence of mind in the abolished brigs or in icy seas; but probably learning gymnastics in a barrack-yard. That will not make a sailor. Antarctic expeditions will; and what is more, it is likely that the best Antarctic sledge-traveller will be the best marksman in a gun's crew, as has been proved before now. There is no better school for the navy than exploring expeditions; and a truly instructed and patriotic Admiralty would always have at least two at work, primarily for training officers and men, also for the promotion and continuity of scientific research. We want the best men far more than the best *matériel*.

The feeling of the public can be judged from the tenor of the correspondence respecting the subscriptions to the late Antarctic expedition. People subscribed in hundreds, a few rich from their superfluities, the poor of all ranks from their hard-earned wages, hundreds of naval and military officers, but people of all trades and professions. The enterprise was truly national. The dry rot among politicians had certainly not extended to the public. The motive for subscribing was the encouragement of adventure, the desire to give opportunities of distinction to young naval officers and men. For one who gave his money for the advancement of science, at least a hundred gave it for the encouragement of maritime enterprise, or in the case of the relief ship, from motives of humanity. The sum raised was over 70,000*l*.

The results were more than commensurate; that is to say, that our gallant countrymen did much more valuable work than was either expected or hoped. Before the civilised world knew nothing of the vast area except that land had been seen or reported on certain meridians. Now the curtain is half drawn aside. There is revealed to us a mighty range of mountains with its peaks measured for several hundred miles, its formations explained, its glaciers explored; a vast ice field with which nothing of the kind, in any other part of the world, is comparable; the solution of questions respecting Ross's ice barrier; and the discovery of a new continental land. These great results open up further problems in geography, and in other branches of science, which need solution,

and it is above all things necessary that there should be continuity of effort, as there was in the good old days of Barrow and Beaufort.

The actual scientific results of the National Antarctic Expedition are not yet ready for publication. But by far the most useful, by far the most lasting result is the publication of Captain Scott's narrative. Just as the narratives published by Hakluyt inspired the poets, the adventurers, even the statesmen in the days of our ancestors; so now does the Antarctic explorer inspire the youth of England to do and to encourage similar deeds. It cannot fail to do so. Captain Scott's clear and straightforward yet fascinating style ensures the attention of the reader from the first. Page by page, chapter by chapter, the story increases in interest and becomes more absorbing. The great objects contemplated, the ways by which experience was gained, the inventive faculties developed, the splendid discipline yet perfect *camaraderie* among all members of the expedition, the grand achievements which secured such wonderful results, are all unfolded to the reader, and cannot fail to invigorate his nerves and stir up feelings of pride and admiration. If anything can stop the utilitarian dry rot, if anything can bring lost souls out of their ledgers, if anything can arouse the old Elizabethan feeling among us, if anything can secure continuity of effort, it is Captain Scott's narrative of the voyage of the *Discovery*.

For Antarctic effort should be continuous. One result of an expedition must be to lay bare new problems to be solved, new discoveries to be made. There is no sense in waiting for years until all the experience, and even the tradition of it, has died out. Now we have good sailors, ice navigators, winter organisers, unrivalled sledge-travellers, and a knowledge of all requirements in every detail of equipment. What folly to let it all die out, as the Government did in 1876!

One of the most distinguished officers of the late expedition, not *primus inter pares* but *par inter pares*, has come forward to lead a small and inexpensive expedition. No man living who is available has equal or nearly equal qualifications. Lieut. Michael Barne is one of Captain Scott's school, and a most apt pupil. More could not be said. His object is to achieve a definite and, in such hands, a thoroughly feasible geographical discovery, namely, that of the insularity or continental character of Graham Land. The discovery will be most important, because it will lead directly to the solution of other geographical problems. Lieut. Barne has such quali-

cations as could not be found in any other available person, but funds are needed.

The renewal of Antarctic research, on this small scale, would be a proof that the spirit of our forefathers is not quite dead, that we are still worthy to be the countrymen of the Elizabethan heroes, and that when asked 'What is the use of it?' we can give good, full, and complete reasons for the faith that is in us.

DEATH IN THE POT.

(ODE TO A POT OF CHICAGO CANNED MEAT.)

WE need no more the poisoned dart,
 No more the laden quiver,
 When death is sold in every mart
 Beneath the guise of Liver;
 Our simple faith has had its day,
 Our fond illusions totter,
 And we must turn, like things of clay
 To rail against the potter.

Thou cask with half-extracted bung,
 In whose recesses murky
 I did not doubt the power of tongue
 To co-exist with turkey,
 What legend haunts about thy shape
 Unfortunately mythic
 That does not warn us to escape
 Ingredients wholly Scythic?

O whited sepulchre to see,
 O Pharisaic platter,
 To think that once I held thee free
 From all exotic matter!
 Two months ago, or less than that,
 I could discuss the flavour
 Of beef that ill dissembled rat
 Without a single quaver.

But now with what vague fears of ill
 Do Egypt's flesh-pots bristle!
 For all is grist that finds their mill
 And most of that is gristle;

Employés, too, are good to eat,
Who, at their latest minute,
No longer fit to dye the meat
Will meet their death within it.

Perhaps in this neglected pot
Some rude forefather slumbers ;
Melpomene, bewail his lot
In more pathetic numbers !
It is not mine their praise to tell
In high heroic descant,
Each laid within his narrow cell
In pâtes requiescant.

R. A. K.

MEMORIES OF CHURCH RESTORATION.¹

BY THOMAS HARDY.

A *MELANCHOLY* reflection may have occurred to many people whose interests lie in the study of Gothic architecture. The passion for 'restoration' first became vigorously operative, say, three-quarters of a century ago; and if all the mediæval buildings in England had been left as they stood at that date, to incur whatever dilapidations might have befallen them at the hands of time, weather, and general neglect, this country would be richer in specimens to-day than it finds itself to be after the expenditure of millions in a nominal preservation during that period.

Active destruction under saving names has been effected upon so gigantic a scale that the concurrent protection of old structures, or portions of structures, by their being kept wind- and water-proof amid such operations counts as nothing in the balance. Its enormous magnitude is realised by few who have not gone personally from parish to parish through a considerable district, and compared existing churches there with records, traditions, and memories of what they formerly were.

But the unhappy fact is nowadays generally admitted, and it would hardly be worth adverting to on this occasion if what is additionally assumed were also true, or approximately true: that we are wiser with experience, that architects, incumbents, church-wardens, and all concerned, are zealous to act conservatively by such few of these buildings as still remain untinkered, that they desire at last to repair as far as is possible the errors of their predecessors, and to do anything but repeat them.

Such an assumption is not borne out by events. As it was in the days of Scott the First and Scott the Second—Sir Walter and Sir Gilbert—so it is at this day on a smaller scale. True it may be that our more intelligent architects now know the better way, and that damage is largely limited to minor buildings and to obscure places. But continue it does, despite the efforts of this society;

¹ Read at the General Meeting of The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, June 20, 1906.

nor does it seem ever likely to stop till all tampering with chronicles in stone be forbidden by law, and all operations bearing on their repair be permitted only under the eyes of properly qualified inspectors.

At first sight it seems an easy matter to preserve an old building without hurting its character. Let nobody form an opinion on that point who has never had an old building to preserve.

In respect of an ancient church, the difficulty we encounter on the threshold, and one which besets us at every turn, is the fact that the building is beheld in two contradictory lights, and required for two incompatible purposes. To the incumbent the church is a workshop; to the antiquary it is a relic. To the parish it is a utility; to the outsider a luxury. How unite these incompatibles? A utilitarian machine has naturally to be kept going, so that it may continue to discharge its original functions; an antiquarian specimen has to be preserved without making good even its worst deficiencies. The quaintly carved seat that a touch will damage has to be sat in, the frameless doors with the queer old locks and hinges have to keep out draughts, the bells whose shaking endangers the graceful steeple have to be rung.

If the ruinous church could be enclosed in a crystal palace, covering it to the weathercock from rain and wind, and a new church be built alongside for services (assuming the parish to retain sufficient earnest-mindedness to desire them), the method would be an ideal one. But even a parish composed of opulent members of this society would be staggered by such an undertaking. No: all that can be done is of the nature of compromise. It is not within the scope of this paper to inquire how such compromises between users and musers may best be carried out, and how supervision, by those who really know, can best be ensured when wear and tear and the attacks of weather make interference unhappily unavoidable. Those who are better acquainted than I am with the possibilities of such cases can write thereon, and have, indeed, already done so for many years past. All that I am able to do is to look back in a contrite spirit at my own brief experience as a church-restorer, and, by recalling instances of the drastic treatment we then dealt out with light hearts to the unlucky fanes that fell into our hands, possibly help to prevent its repetition on the few yet left untouched.

The policy of thorough in these proceedings was always, of course, that in which the old church was boldly pulled down from

MEMORIES OF CHURCH RESTORATION.¹

BY THOMAS HARDY.

A MELANCHOLY reflection may have occurred to many people whose interests lie in the study of Gothic architecture. The passion for 'restoration' first became vigorously operative, say, three-quarters of a century ago; and if all the mediæval buildings in England had been left as they stood at that date, to incur whatever dilapidations might have befallen them at the hands of time, weather, and general neglect, this country would be richer in specimens to-day than it finds itself to be after the expenditure of millions in a nominal preservation during that period.

Active destruction under saving names has been effected upon so gigantic a scale that the concurrent protection of old structures, or portions of structures, by their being kept wind- and water-proof amid such operations counts as nothing in the balance. Its enormous magnitude is realised by few who have not gone personally from parish to parish through a considerable district, and compared existing churches there with records, traditions, and memories of what they formerly were.

But the unhappy fact is nowadays generally admitted, and it would hardly be worth adverting to on this occasion if what is additionally assumed were also true, or approximately true: that we are wiser with experience, that architects, incumbents, churchwardens, and all concerned, are zealous to act conservatively by such few of these buildings as still remain untinkered, that they desire at last to repair as far as is possible the errors of their predecessors, and to do anything but repeat them.

Such an assumption is not borne out by events. As it was in the days of Scott the First and Scott the Second—Sir Walter and Sir Gilbert—so it is at this day on a smaller scale. True it may be that our more intelligent architects now know the better way, and that damage is largely limited to minor buildings and to obscure places. But continue it does, despite the efforts of this society;

¹ Read at the General Meeting of The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, June 20, 1906.

nor does it seem ever likely to stop till all tampering with chronicles in stone be forbidden by law, and all operations bearing on their repair be permitted only under the eyes of properly qualified inspectors.

At first sight it seems an easy matter to preserve an old building without hurting its character. Let nobody form an opinion on that point who has never had an old building to preserve.

In respect of an ancient church, the difficulty we encounter on the threshold, and one which besets us at every turn, is the fact that the building is beheld in two contradictory lights, and required for two incompatible purposes. To the incumbent the church is a workshop; to the antiquary it is a relic. To the parish it is a utility; to the outsider a luxury. How unite these incompatibles? A utilitarian machine has naturally to be kept going, so that it may continue to discharge its original functions; an antiquarian specimen has to be preserved without making good even its worst deficiencies. The quaintly carved seat that a touch will damage has to be sat in, the frameless doors with the queer old locks and hinges have to keep out draughts, the bells whose shaking endangers the graceful steeple have to be rung.

If the ruinous church could be enclosed in a crystal palace, covering it to the weathercock from rain and wind, and a new church be built alongside for services (assuming the parish to retain sufficient earnest-mindedness to desire them), the method would be an ideal one. But even a parish composed of opulent members of this society would be staggered by such an undertaking. No: all that can be done is of the nature of compromise. It is not within the scope of this paper to inquire how such compromises between users and musers may best be carried out, and how supervision, by those who really know, can best be ensured when wear and tear and the attacks of weather make interference unhappily unavoidable. Those who are better acquainted than I am with the possibilities of such cases can write thereon, and have, indeed, already done so for many years past. All that I am able to do is to look back in a contrite spirit at my own brief experience as a church-restorer, and, by recalling instances of the drastic treatment we then dealt out with light hearts to the unlucky fanes that fell into our hands, possibly help to prevent its repetition on the few yet left untouched.

The policy of thorough in these proceedings was always, of course, that in which the old church was boldly pulled down from

no genuine necessity, but from a wanton wish to erect a more modish one. Instances of such I pass over in sad silence. Akin thereto was the case in which a church exhibiting two or three styles was made uniform by removing the features of all but one style, and imitating that throughout in new work. Such devastations need hardly be dwelt on now. Except in the most barbarous recesses of our counties they are past. Their name alone is their condemnation.

The shifting of old windows, and other details irregularly spaced, and spacing them at exact distances, was an analogous process. The deportation of the original chancel-arch to an obscure nook, and the insertion of a wider new one to throw open the view of the choir, was also a practice much favoured, and is by no means now extinct. In passing through a village less than five years ago the present writer paused a few minutes to look at the church, and on reaching the door heard quarrelling within. The voices were discovered to be those of two men—brothers, I regret to state—who after an absence of many years had just returned to their native place to attend their father's funeral. The dispute was as to where the family pew had stood in their younger days. One swore that it was in the north aisle, adducing as proof his positive recollection of studying Sunday after Sunday the zigzag moulding of the arch before his eyes, which now visibly led from that aisle into the north transept. The other was equally positive that the pew had been in the nave. As the altercation grew sharper an explanation of the puzzle occurred to me, and I suggested that the old Norman arch we were looking at might have been the original chancel-arch, banished into the aisle to make room for the straddling new object in its place. Then one of the pair of natives remembered that a report of such a restoration had reached his ears afar, and the family peace was preserved, though not till the other had said 'Then I'm drowned if I'll ever come into the paltry church again, after having such a trick played upon me.'

Many puzzling questions are to be explained by these shiftings, and particularly in the case of monuments, whose transposition sometimes led to quaint results. The chancel of a church not a hundred and fifty miles from London has, I am told, in one corner a vault containing a fashionable actor and his wife, in another corner a vault inclosing the remains of a former venerable vicar who abjured women and died a bachelor. The mural tablets, each over its own vault, were taken down at the refurbishing of

the building, and refixed reversely, the stone of the theatrical couple over the solitary divine, and that of the latter over the pair from the stage. Should disinterment ever take place, which is not unlikely nowadays, the excavators will be surprised to find a lady beside the supposed reverend bachelor, and the supposed actor without his wife. As the latter was a comedian he would probably enjoy the situation if he could know it, though the vicar's feelings might be somewhat different.

Such facetious carelessness is not peculiar to our own country. It may be remembered that when Mrs. Shelley wished to exhume her little boy William, who had been buried in the English cemetery at Rome, with the view of placing his body beside his father's ashes, no coffin was found beneath the boy's headstone, and she could not carry out her affectionate wish.

This game of Monumental Puss-in-the-Corner, even when the outcome of no blundering, and where reasons can be pleaded on artistic or other grounds, is, indeed, an unpleasant subject of contemplation by those who maintain the inviolability of records. Instances of such in London churches will occur to everybody. One would like to know if any note has been kept of the original position of Milton's monument in Cripplegate Church, which has been moved more than once, I believe, and if the position of his rifled grave is now known. When I first saw the monument it stood near the east end of the south aisle.

Sherborne Abbey affords an example on a large scale of the banishment of memorials of the dead, to the doubtful advantage of the living. To many of us the human interest in an edifice ranks before its architectural interest, however great the latter may be; and to find that the innumerable monuments erected in that long-suffering building are all huddled away into the vestry is, at least from my point of view, a heavy mental payment for the clear nave and aisles. If the inscriptions could be read the harm would perhaps be less, but to read them is impossible without ladders, so that these plaintive records are lost to human notice. Many of the recorded ones, perhaps, deserve to be forgotten; but who shall judge?

And unhappily it was oftenest of all the headstones of the poorer inhabitants—purchased and erected in many cases out of scanty means—that suffered most in these ravages. It is scarcely necessary to particularise among the innumerable instances in which headstones have been removed from their positions, the churchyard

levelled, and the stones used for paving the churchyard walks, with the result that the inscriptions have been trodden out in a few years.

Next in harm to the re-designing of old buildings and parts of them came the devastations caused by letting restorations by contract, with a clause in the specification requesting the builder to give a price for 'old materials'—the most important of these being the lead of the roofs, which was to be replaced by tiles or slate, and the oak of the pews, pulpit, altar-rails, &c., to be replaced by deal. This terrible custom is, I should suppose, discontinued in these days. Under it the builder was directly incited to destroy as much as possible of the old fabric as had intrinsic value, that he might increase the spoil which was to come to him for a fixed deduction from his contract. Brasses have marvellously disappeared at such times, heavy brass chandeliers, marble tablets, oak carving of all sorts, leadwork above all.

But apart from irregularities it was always a principle that anything later than Henry VIII. was Anathema, and to be cast out. At Wimborne Minster fine Jacobean canopies were removed from Tudor stalls for the offence only of being Jacobean. At an hotel in Cornwall, a tea-garden was, and possibly is still, ornamented with seats constructed of the carved oak from a neighbouring church—no doubt the restorer's honest perquisite. Church relics turned up in unexpected places. I remember once going into the stonemason's shed of a builder's yard, where, on looking round, I started to see the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, in gilt letters, staring emphatically from the sides of the shed. 'Oh, yes,' said the builder, a highly respectable man, 'I took 'em as old materials under my contract when I gutted St. Michael and All Angels', and I put 'em here to keep out the weather: they might keep my blackguard hands serious at the same time; but they don't.' A fair lady with a past was once heard to say that she could not go to morning service at a particular church because the parson read one of the Commandments with such accusatory emphasis: whether these that had become degraded to the condition of old materials were taken down owing to kindred objections one cannot know.

But many such old materials were, naturally, useless when once unfixed. Another churchwright whom I knew in early days was greatly incommoded by the quantity of rubbish that had accumulated during a restoration he had in hand, there being no place in

the churchyard to which it could be wheeled. In the middle of the church was the huge vault of an ancient family supposed to be extinct, which had been broken into at one corner by the pickaxe of the restorers, and this vault was found to be a convenient receptacle for the troublesome refuse from the Ages. When a large number of barrow-loads had been tipped through the hole the labourer lifted his eyes to behold a tall figure standing between him and the light. 'What are you doing, my man?' said the figure blandly. 'A getting rid of the rubbage, sir,' replied the labourer. 'But why do you put it there?' 'Because all the folks have died out, so it don't matter what we do with their old bone cellar.' 'Don't you be too sure about the folks having died out. I am one of that family, and as I am very much alive, and that vault is my freehold, I'll just ask you to take all the rubbish out again.' It was said that the speaker had by chance returned from America, where he had made a fortune, in the nick of time to witness this performance, and that the vault was duly cleared and sealed up as he ordered.

The 'munificent contributor' to the expense of restoration was often the most fearful instigator of mischief. I may instance the case of a Transition-Norman pier with a group of shafts, the capitals of which showed signs of crushing under the weight of the arches. By taking great care it was found possible to retain the abacus and projecting parts supporting it, sculptured with the vigorous curled leaves of the period, only the diminishing parts, or the bell of each capital, being renewed. The day after the re-opening of the church the lady who had defrayed much of the expense complained to the contractor of his mean treatment of her in leaving half the old capitals when he should have behaved handsomely, and renewed the whole. To oblige her the carver chipped over the surface of the old carving, not only in that pier, but in *all* the piers, and made it look as good as new.

Poor forlorn parishes, which could not afford to pay a clerk of works to superintend the alterations, suffered badly in these ecclesiastical convulsions. During the years they were raging at their height I journeyed to a distant place to supervise a case, in the enforced absence of an older eye. The careful repair of an interesting Early English window had been specified; but it was gone. The contractor, who had met me on the spot, replied genially to my gaze of concern: 'Well now, I said to myself when I looked at the old thing, "I won't stand upon a pound or two: I'll give 'em

a new winder now I am about it, and make a good job of it, howsoever.” A caricature in new stone of the old window had taken its place.

In the same church was an old oak rood-screen of debased Perpendicular workmanship, but valuable, the original colouring and gilding, though much faded, still remaining on the cusps and mouldings. The repairs deemed necessary had been duly specified, but I beheld in its place a new screen of deal, varnished to a mirror-like brilliancy. ‘Well,’ replied the builder, more genially than ever, ‘I said to myself, “Please God, now I am about it, I’ll do the thing well, cost what it will!”’ ‘Where’s the old screen?’ I said, appalled. ‘Used up to boil the workmen’s kiddles; though ’a were not much at that!’

The reason for consternation lay in the fact that the bishop—a strict Protestant—had promulgated a decree concerning rood-screens—viz., that though those in existence might be repaired, no new one would be suffered in his diocese for doctrinal reasons. This the builder knew nothing of. What was to be done at the re-opening, when the bishop was to be present, and would notice the forbidden thing? I had to decide there and then, and resolved to trust to chance and see what happened. On the day of the opening we anxiously watched the bishop’s approach, and I fancied I detected a lurid glare in his eye as it fell upon the illicit rood-screen. But he walked quite innocently under it without noticing that it was not the original. If he noticed it during the service he was politic enough to say nothing.

I might dwell upon the mistakes of architects as well as of builders if there were time. That architects the most experienced could be cheated to regard an accident of churchwardenry as high artistic purpose, was revealed to a body of architectural students, of which the present writer was one, when they were taken over Westminster Abbey in a peripatetic lecture by Sir Gilbert Scott. He, at the top of the ladder, was bringing to our notice a feature which had, he said, perplexed him for a long time: why the surface of diapered stone before him should suddenly be discontinued at the spot he pointed out, when there was every reason for carrying it on. Possibly the artist had decided that to break the surface was a mistake; possibly he had died; possibly anything; but there the mystery was. ‘Perhaps it is only plastered over!’ broke forth in the reedy voice of the youngest pupil in our group. ‘Well, that’s what I never thought of,’ replied Sir Gilbert, and taking

from his pocket a clasp knife which he carried for such purposes, he prodded the plain surface with it. 'Yes, it is plastered over, and all my theories are wasted,' he continued, descending the ladder not without humility.

My knowledge at first hand of the conditions of church-repair at the present moment is very limited. But one or two prevalent abuses have come by accident under my notice. The first concerns the rehanging of church bells. A barbarous practice is, I believe, very general, that of cutting off the cannon of each bell—namely, the loop on the crown by which it has been strapped to the stock—and restrapping it by means of holes cut through the crown itself. The mutilation is sanctioned on the ground that, by so fixing it, the centre of the bell's gravity is brought nearer to the axis on which it swings, with advantage and ease to the ringing. I do not question the truth of this; yet the resources of mechanics are not so exhausted but that the same result may be obtained by leaving the bell un mutilated and increasing the camber of the stock, which, for that matter, might be so great as nearly to reach a right angle. I was recently passing through a churchyard where I saw standing on the grass a peal of bells just taken down from the adjacent tower and subjected to this treatment. A sight more piteous than that presented by these fine bells, standing disfigured in a row in the sunshine, like cropped criminals in the pillory, as it were ashamed of their degradation, I have never witnessed among inanimate things.

Speaking of bells, I should like to ask cursorily why the old sets of chimes have been removed from nearly all our country churches. The midnight wayfarer, in passing along the sleeping village or town, was cheered by the outburst of a stumbling tune, which possessed the added charm of being probably heeded by no ear but his own. Or, when lying awake in sickness, the denizen would catch the same notes, persuading him that all was right with the world. But one may go half across England and hear no chimes at midnight now.

I may here mention a singular incident in respect of a new peal of bells, at a church whose rebuilding I was privy to, which occurred on the opening day many years ago. It being a popular and fashionable occasion, the church was packed with its congregation long before the bells rang out for service. When the ringers seized the ropes, a noise more deafening than thunder resounded from the tower in the ears of the sitters. Terrified at the idea that the

tower was falling they rushed out at the door, ringers included, into the arms of the astonished bishop and clergy, advancing, so it was said, in procession up the churchyard path, some of the ladies being in a fainting state. When calmness was restored by the sight of the tower standing unmoved as usual, it was discovered that the six bells had been placed 'in stay'—that is, in an inverted position ready for the ringing, but in the hurry of preparation the clappers had been laid inside though not fastened on, and at the first swing of the bells they had fallen out upon the belfry floor.

After this digression I return to one other abuse of ecclesiastical fabrics, that arising from the fixing of Christmas decorations. The battalion of young ladies to whom the decking with holly and ivy is usually entrusted, seem to be possessed with a fixed idea that nails may be driven not only into old oak and into the joints of the masonry, but into the freestone itself if you only hit hard enough. Many observers must have noticed the mischief wrought by these nails. I lately found a fifteenth-century arch to have suffered more damage during the last twenty years from this cause than during the previous five hundred of its existence. The pock-marked surface of many old oak pulpits is entirely the effect of the numberless tin-tacks driven into them for the same purpose.

Such abuses as these, however, are gross, open, palpable, and easy to be checked. Far more subtle and elusive ones await our concluding consideration, which I will rapidly enter on now. Persons who have mused upon the safeguarding of our old architecture must have indulged in a reflection which, at first sight, seems altogether to give away the argument for its material preservation. The reflection is that, abstractly, there is everything to be said in favour of church renovation—if that really means the honest reproduction of old shapes in substituted materials. And this too, not merely when the old materials are perishing, but when they are only approaching decay.

It is easy to show that the essence and soul of an architectural monument does not lie in the particular blocks of stone or timber that compose it, but in the mere forms to which those materials have been shaped. We discern in a moment that it is in the boundary of a solid—its insubstantial superficies or mould—and not in the solid itself, that its right lies to exist as art. The whole quality of Gothic or other architecture—let it be a cathedral, a spire, a window, or what not—attaches to this, and not to the substantial erection which it appears exclusively to consist in.

Those limestones or sandstones have passed into its form ; yet it is an idea independent of them—an æsthetic phantom without solidity, which might just as suitably have chosen millions of other stones from the quarry whereon to display its beauties. Such perfect results of art as the aspect of Salisbury Cathedral from the north-east corner of the Close, the interior of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, the East Window of Merton Chapel, Oxford, would be no less perfect if at this moment, by the wand of some magician, other similar materials could be conjured into their shapes, and the old substance be made to vanish for ever.

This is, indeed, the actual process of organic nature herself, which is one continuous substitution. She is always discarding the matter, while retaining the form.

Why this reasoning does not hold good for a dead art, why the existence and efforts of this Society are so amply justifiable, lies in two other attributes of bygone Gothic artistry—a material and a spiritual one. The first is uniqueness ; such a duplicate as we have been considering can never be executed. No man can make two pieces of matter exactly alike. But not to shelter the argument behind microscopic niceties, or to imagine what approximations might be effected by processes so costly as to be prohibitive, it is found in practice that even such an easily copied shape as, say, a traceried window does not get truly reproduced. The old form inherits, or has acquired, an indefinable quality—possibly some deviation from exact geometry (curves were often struck by hand in mediæval work)—which never reappears in the copy, especially in the vast majority of cases where no nice approximation is attempted.

The second, or spiritual, attribute which stultifies the would-be reproducer is perhaps more important still, and is not artistic at all. It lies in human association. The influence that a building like Lincoln or Winchester exercises on a person of average impressionableness and culture is a compound influence, and though it would be a fanciful attempt to define how many fractions of that compound are æsthetic, and how many associative, there can be no doubt that the latter influence is more valuable than the former. Some may be of a different opinion, but I think the damage done to this sentiment of association by replacement, by the rupture of continuity, is mainly what makes the enormous loss this country has sustained from its seventy years of church restoration so tragic and deplorable. The protection of an ancient edifice against

renewal in fresh materials is, in fact, even more of a social—I may say a humane—duty than an æsthetic one. It is the preservation of memories, history, fellowships, fraternities. Life, after all, is more than art, and that which appealed to us in the (maybe) clumsy outlines of some structure which had been looked at and entered by a dozen generations of ancestors outweighs the more subtle recognition, if any, of architectural qualities. The renewed stones at Hereford, Peterborough, Salisbury, St. Albans, Wells, and so many other places, are not the stones that witnessed the scenes in English Chronicle associated with those piles. They are not the stones over whose face the organ notes of centuries ‘lingered and wandered on as loth to die,’ and the fact that they are not, too often results in spreading abroad the feeling I instanced in the anecdote of the two brothers.

Moreover, by a curious irony, the parts of a church that have suffered the most complete obliteration are those of the closest personal relation—the woodwork, especially that of the oak pews of various Georgian dates, with their skilful panellings, of which not a joint had started, and mouldings become so hard as to turn the edge of a knife. The deal benches with which these cunningly mitred and morticed framings have been largely replaced have already, in many cases, fallen into decay.

But not all pewing was of oak, not all stonework and roof timbers were sound, when the renovators of the late century laid hands on them; and this leads back again to the standing practical question of bewildering difficulty which faces the protectors of Ancient Buildings—what is to be done in instances of rapid decay to prevent the entire disappearance of such as yet exists? Shall we allow it to remain untouched for the brief years of its durability, to have the luxury of the original a little while, or sacrifice the rotting original to instal, at least, a reminder of its design? The first impulse of those who are not architects is to keep, ever so little longer, what they can of the very substance itself at all costs to the future. But let us reflect a little. Those designers of the Middle Ages who were concerned with that original cared nothing for the individual stone or stick—would not even have cared for it had it acquired the history that it now possesses; their minds were centered on the aforesaid form, with, possibly, its colour and endurance, all which qualities it is now rapidly losing. Why then should we prize what they neglected, and neglect what they prized?

This is rather a large question for the end of a lecture. Out

of it arises a conflict between the purely æsthetic sense and the memorial or associative. The artist instinct and the caretaking instinct part company over the disappearing creation. The true architect, who is first of all an artist and not an antiquary, is naturally most influenced by the æsthetic sense, his desire being, like Nature's, to retain, recover, or recreate the idea which has become damaged, without much concern about the associations of the material that idea may have been displayed in. Few occupations are more pleasant than that of endeavouring to re-capture an old design from the elusive hand of annihilation.

Thus if the architect have also an antiquarian bias he is pulled in two directions—in one by his wish to hand on or modify the abstract form, in the other by his reverence for the antiquity of its embodiment.

Architects have been much blamed for their doings in respect of old churches, and no doubt they have much to answer for. Yet one cannot logically blame an architect for being an architect—a chief craftsman, constructor, creator of forms—not their preserver.

If I were practising in that profession I would not, I think, undertake a church restoration in any circumstances. I should reply, if asked to do so, that a retired tinker or rivetter of old china, or some 'Old Mortality' from the almshouse, would superintend the business better. In short, the opposing tendencies excited in an architect by the distracting situation can find no satisfactory reconciliation.

Fortunately cases of imminent disappearance are not the most numerous of those on which the Society has to pronounce an opinion. The bulk of the work of preservation lies in organising resistance to the enthusiasm for newness in those parishes, priests, and churchwardens who regard a church as a sort of villa to be made convenient and fashionable for the occupiers of the moment; who say, 'Give me a wide chancel arch—they are "in" at present'; who pull down the west gallery to show the new west window, and pull out old irregular pews to fix mathematically spaced benches for a congregation that never comes.

Those who are sufficiently in touch with these proceedings may be able to formulate some practical and comprehensive rules for the salvation of such few—very few—old churches, diminishing in number every day, as chance to be left intact owing to the heathen apathy of their parson and parishioners in the last century. The

happy accident of indifferentism in those worthies has preserved their churches to be a rarity and a delight to pilgrims of the present day. The policy of 'masterly inaction'—often the greatest of all policies—was never practised to higher gain than by these, who simply left their historic buildings alone. To do nothing, where to act on little knowledge is a dangerous thing, is to do most and best.

WHEN THE HERRING COME IN.

LATE on a September evening, I was coming back to Port-na-blah after a short absence, and where the road crested the last hill, it seemed that the landmarks were changed before me. Out beyond where the pier should be, there glimmered surely the lights of a village—a score of them, close and friendly together. The illusion in that half-darkness was so complete that I had to think for an instant before I could be positive—before I could realise that the broad bay, which day and night had been bare, except for the black speck of some stray curragh fishing for mackerel, would now be peopled nightly, thronged with a traffic of boats. The herring had come in.

For weeks beforehand we had seen slow preparation : the two or three smacks fishing from our side of the bay—for the bulk of the fleet has its home in Downings, on the east of Sheephaven—had been repainted, fetched down from the beach under Horn Head, and moored inside the little harbour. The smack in which I was specially interested, for her crew were all friends of our house, had not been idle ; she had put in a spell of trawling and done well at it. But this was a makeshift business, not taken very seriously, and an air of expectation still hung about the place. Now, the winter harvest of this sea-going farmer folk was to begin.

But the other harvest, on dry land, was not yet done with, and when I got home to the cottage where we had spent that summer I found the youngest of three grown sons restless and uneasy. His work on shore was too urgent to be left, and another hand had for the present to take his place on the lugger. It must have been nearly a week after that before the last cornstack was thatched, and he could take his bundle in the evening and hurry down to the quay. In that week, I do not think he broke his heart over the daily reports, for the fishing was very light—four or five cran in the week, perhaps. (A cran is four baskets, say seven hundred of such herring as they get in Downings, when the fish must average well over half a pound.) And even when he got leave to go, he had little but the expectation of catches. Of local boats fishing herring, none had been so successful as this lugger :

she only of all the Downings fleet was 'cleared.' Bought on a loan from the Congested Districts Board, she had fished on a share system, every take divided into nine parts, of which three went to the Board, but two of these three were set off in repayment of the loan. Now, after five years, she had earned enough, with this two ninths of her take, to make the crew absolute owners of herself, her running gear, and her ample equipment of nets—representing an outlay of some four hundred pounds. Yet in these weeks of September she was barely paying wages to her crew—though, even with the herring scarce and scattered as they were then, strokes of luck were going. One morning news came in. A boat of the Downings fleet had struck a 'lump' of fish; the haul was thirty cran, big enough, but not in itself very exceptional. Only it happened that, when the boat came in, three steamers from Glasgow, looking for fresh herring, lay at the pier; the price was run up, and the fish realised sixty-six shillings the cran. Ninety-six pounds for the night's work, of which roughly ten pounds apiece would go direct to the crew of six, and twenty more towards paying off the debt on the lugger. I asked the name of these lucky fishers. They were Logues—nephews of the Irish Cardinal Archbishop who some seventy years ago was a barefoot boy in that same barren peninsula of Rossgull.

Hearing that, it was no wonder to me to see, as I saw, a new population grow up on our shore. Every day, boats would drop in from the westward—crews from Tory, crews from the islands further round, and most of them in four-oared skiffs: for the whole mass of the larger vessels, Irish, Scotch and Manx, lay over in Downings Bay, but the skiffs fished mostly from our little harbour on the west of the broad Sheephaven water. The neighbourhood was ransacked for lodgings; there were fifteen Tory men quartered in one house; and in the daytime the village of Dunfanaghy had the aspect of a fair-day. You would meet at all times groups of men on the roads, stout young fellows mostly, looking very able-bodied in their tall sea-boots; the little pier was piled with boxes and tackle, and the green sandy dunes behind were spread over with drying nets.

Yet all this stir and animation was only a faint and far-off echo of what must have been going on five miles off across the bay. The fleet, before I left in October, mustered over sixty smacks, and all but five or six of them moored in Downings. On Downings pier was the sale of fish,—fourteen or fifteen buyers

competing; the cooperage was there, and the curing stations, where the whole take of fish was dealt with, cleaned, salted, packed, and consigned. There also—I regret to say—was the public-house, of which the purchase would be worth hundreds, almost thousands, where it was worth tens of pounds ten years ago.

For all this astonishing industry is of the most recent growth. I sat one afternoon with the eldest son of our cottage, who had been a fisher since his boyhood. Just in front of us was the western arm of the bay which runs up behind Horn Head to Dunfanaghy; and into this tract of water, perhaps a mile across by two miles deep, the whole fleet was making, for the evening threatened to blow heavy from the west. A steep hillock hid the main bay and the open sea; but to the right of it the ground dipped, only to rise again in a headland, and so a narrow glimpse of the water was framed in an angle. Into this frame came, one after another in endless succession, brown peaks of sails, as the luggers stood up from Downings close in by the land. By ones and twos they came, and, emerging again on the left, added themselves to the crowd that we watched gathering in the inner water. As we counted them, the young fisherman told me of the times when no man on that coast ever fished in a boat that carried sail; when no one followed up the herring, but took a few nights till rough weather came, and then gave over the venture; of times when, even if a take was made, the biggest price that would be got for it would be lower than the very lowest paid nowadays. It all sounded almost incredible as one looked at the bay, more populous now than the shore.

People who live in towns will hardly realise the pleasure and the interest added to life by the chance to go out every evening and watch a hundred boats manœuvring for a berth in that narrow space, and in the morning to come down and ask for news of the night's work and find out whether your friends had made their fortune. But no one could be blind to the sheer beauty of the scene; to the charm of watching brown sails crossing and recrossing, standing this way and that, alert for any sign of herring, while, nearer inshore, four-oared skiffs, and even the little black curraghs, crawled like great spiders about the sea. Meanwhile, across the sandy neck of Horn Head, one would see the sun sinking, till at last the signal flag—for by law no net may be shot till sundown—on the coastguard station would go down, and by twos and threes the brown sails would dip, as the big lugs were let down, first

half-way, then flat on deck; and behind each drifting boat a string of black dots would begin to show on the water, as the nets paid out marked by the buoys. Longer and longer the strings would grow, till every smack had half a mile of meshes at her tail, and the whole surface of the bay would be scattered over with these markings like a page with print—visible far enough on a calm evening, but soon fading out of sight in the short autumnal twilight; and presently lights would twinkle up, first pale and soft in the gloaming, then brightening clearer and sharper as night came down, and drove one in from the cliff edge to the warmth of a turf fire.

So far I give the landsman's impression only; and, by bad luck, I deferred my experience of a night on board the smack, in hopes of seeing heavier fishing, till a time when I was hurried off elsewhere. But I had my first taste of herring-fishing, for all that, in a way that was more amusing than going passenger with even the friendliest crew.

It must have been quite early in the fishing, for a Tory boat came in that Sunday afternoon while I was down at the shore, and the crew left her, with nets and all aboard, while they went up to hunt for lodgings. Another Tory crew was on the beach preparing to start for a night's fishing. They had only come in the day before, and I suppose the returned Klondyker who acted as skipper—taking a hand in the game for sport—was anxious to try his luck. For, in the ordinary way of business, no one fishes on a Sunday in Downings; and our own particular smack had all her nets ashore after a Saturday spent in barking them. At any rate, except the Klondyker and his crew, no one had any thought of fishing when I went up to the cottage. Half an hour later, as I was turning out to watch the sky redden for a glorious sunset, the youngest son of the house came shouting to me that the herring were inshore. He dashed indoors, changed to sea-kit in a twinkling, then clambered to a loft over the kitchen, hurled down a bale of nets, caught them up, and off with him to the shore, and I after him. But, arrived there, I found to my disgust that the little curragh would not carry me as well as him and his brother and the gear; and so I hurried round the little bay or harbour to where the lucky Tory man, first on the ground, was already shooting his net; while another curragh, pulled by two young men, white-shirt-sleeved and in their Sunday clothes, was leaping with swift bounds after him.

The corner of the bay, where the herring were, was enclosed by a broad curve of low cliff, with the water deep all round; and stretching across the base of this arc, so as almost to close the exit, the Tory men had their nets shot. When I got to the little cliff, under the coastguard station, and close by the road, the long line was still paying out; but below us were the first buoys, and deep in the green water we could see the sheen of fish held in the meshes. Further in, in the bight of cliff, the smooth water was constantly broken by a play of fish, leaping as roach do, rather than like trout; and there also one could see silver flashes deep down as the fish swerved in their swimming.

The curragh's nets, much shorter of course, were shot in a curved line inside the other; and presently the second Tory boat came on the scene. We waited anxiously for our own curragh; we could see the fish, and could direct the fishers; but we could also see below us that the shoal, frightened now and scattered, was leaving its quarters. At last the boys came, pulling madly, and shot innermost of all, bringing the net up to the very cliff. Once the couple of nets—all that can be safely fished from so light a craft as these little calico-covered canoes—were shot, the boys backed down them, and, lifting the net under us, showed a goodly bulk of herring hanging in the meshes. But it was evident that the Tory men had the best of the game. They left their line of net shot, and pulled off to shoot another section much further out; and meanwhile we could see in places between the buoys—which are black inflated hides, big as a football—the line of corks on the head-rope dip and disappear. At the centre a mass of fish had struck and showed like a shadow through the water, as they bulged out the wall of net. And all this time boat after boat kept coming in and shooting, till the whole surface below us was seamed and dotted. It looked like some game enacted in a watery amphitheatre, for the benefit of the little crowd by this time gathered on the cliff.

But there were those in the crowd who thought it hard enough to stay spectators. Old Tom, the boatman who rowed me when I fished trout on a lake near by, came hobbling down. Rheumatism had crippled him, but on a chance like this he was ready enough to go back to the business of his long life. And beside me I soon found the eldest son of our household, who had only come on the scene after his two brothers had started out. Uneasy enough he was, and at last, tired of shouting advice from the cliff to the

curragh down in the darkening twilight, he stood up and said he could get a net, and must try to raise a curragh. Then suddenly I recollected that in the port lay a pleasure-boat which I had been authorised to use. 'By George,' said John, 'the very thing.' We shouted to old Tom to follow—and Tom, it appeared, also had a net; then off we set to the port. The problem was how to get out to the boat at her moorings, but a curragh came in, which had been making the round of the nets, and from its stern emerged John's youngest brother, an urchin of some twelve years old, who had persuaded a friend to take him along and see how other people were doing. I do not know who settled it, but he immediately dropped into the position of our fourth hand.

Nor do I precisely know how we got equipped. We borrowed thole-pins from a neighbouring boat—only justice, for ours had been borrowed; we borrowed buoys from out of the smack; we borrowed nets out of the barking dip; and finally, with Tom at the tiller, we pulled out. By that time there was no question of going up to the hole where the fish had first been struck; they were well scared out of that. So, once clear of the rocks at the harbour's entrance, we lay on our oars while Tom and John entered on a discussion of possibilities. Only then I realised that every rock along the shore had its name and its associations, just like every mark on the banks of a much-fished salmon river. We pulled on a little then, and as we pulled, Tom in the stern threw up his nose like a questing dog. 'I smell herring,' he said. And sure enough, even untrained senses could catch the cold smell of fish coming up off the water. But so many boats near us had fish on board by this time—for it was now past nine o'clock—that the sign could not be trusted. Still, we shot there, the youngster and I pulling while the two practised hands paid out the nets. Good work they made of it too, for the whole went out without a hitch, though three of the nets were simply bundled up after the barking. Then we left them, and went across to a friend's boat for news of the fishing.

It was nothing very encouraging. The first comers had big shots, but for the rest there was 'only an odd herring'; and most of the fish, it seemed, were moving on a line away from where we had shot. So we pulled back, laid the boat alongside the net, and the men in the stern pulled her up stern foremost along the head-rope, lifting the top of the net as they went for sign of fish. None showed, and it was decided we should shift our ground, so we went

up and hauled ; and after a few yards I saw my first herring taken. Only one now and then, for most of the way ; but at last we reached places in the wall of net where the fish were bunched together, by couples ; and the hauling was slackened, while John cleared them with a quick twist from the meshes, and flung them into a heap.

Seventy or eighty fish look a deal to the unpractised eye, and I could hardly realise that we had not a basket, nor half a basket ; but the experts were highly discontented. We pulled across to the further shore and shot again ; then, having shot, pulled down to the further end of the net, backed up and ' looked ' the net and saw herring—some herring anyhow—come in during those five or ten minutes. So with that we had nothing to do but wait, and light up. It gave one an insight to watch the men who had spent hundreds or thousands of nights at this work throw themselves crosswise on the thwarts, and settle down to put in the time as comfortably as might be. Perhaps it was then, perhaps some other time, that I heard Tom tell the story of his own father, who was out after herring with three others in the bay when a breeze of wind came up. Those were the days when no man of the country could manage sails, and they were driven helpless out into the Sound of Tory, where by good luck a vessel came on them. She was bound for the port of Sligo, and just as she was making it, storms took her and she was blown off for six weeks. Meantime boat and men were given up for lost at Port-na-blah, the wakes had been duly held, and such of the widows as were left with sizeable farms ' had ones courting them '—when after three months' absence the missing fishers turned up, ragged and footsore, and ' with beards on them like goats '—having tramped the long miles from Connaught.

Whether this was the story or some other, I know we sat and listened to Tom yarning, out there on the greenish-gray water, in the cool damp windless night ; and about us were dim forms of other boats half discernible, shifting their ground or ' looking ' their nets. At last, just as we were hauling the first net to see what would be in it, a friend passed (the skipper of John's smack) and asked for news. ' Only an odd herring,' we told him—but the fish were coming in by steady dribblets. Two minutes later he passed down again, telling us—what only a friend would have told—that he had seen herring leaping a little way ahead. It put a new stir into Tom and John, and we pushed on with the hauling. Fish were coming in now, coming in thick ; the pile at

the bottom of the boat grew bigger, and I was taking a hand in the hauling and clearing ; all of us meanwhile cursing (most ungratefully) at the various hitches and belaying contrivances on the pleasure-boat, which tangled unceasingly in the net. (A fishing-boat has to be as bare as she can ; the smacks have no sort of rail round them, and how men keep their footing on deck of them in rough weather I cannot tell.)

We hauled quickly, and we shot quickly over the sign of moving fish. There was little doubt but that the sandy bottom was covered over with herrings, settling down to spawn in couples, for we got our fish very deep in the net. But moving fish would be in numbers together, and the experts worked now in the hope of a haul at last. Having the nets shot, we returned to our station, riding moored to the outer end. Tom said, rubbing his hands, that we might see Andy's blue parlour in the morning. The blue parlour appeared on inquiry to be a bar over at Downings, fixed in an enclosed place, but open to the sky, to which men crowded after they had made their bargains. Meanwhile our friend who advised us had come up and shot his net alongside of ours—perhaps thirty yards dividing them. Five minutes later another friend passed in a curragh and lifted a piece of this other net. 'Whose net is this ?' he asked. We told him, and 'He has a good few herring in it,' he answered, lifting, as he spoke, the top of the net with herring bunched all along it. This set us to investigating ours again, but the first two nets were a disappointment. When we reached the third on the string—each net being about twenty yards along by ten deep—we found it come up to us shining through the water. Just then, I think, John's two brothers appeared with their curragh—a welcome sight, for they had been up to the house and brought us down food and a coat for me—and they had word of fish somewhere else. So we detached two of the nets, leaving those which the fish had taken, and shot half our line on the new ground. Fish took the mesh immediately, and we settled down contentedly to feed, thinking we might after all get our share of luck.

Meantime hours were slipping by, and stars shifting their places over us. I had been cold—though food warmed me—and was not a little wet from hauling without oil-skins ; but I do not know that I ever enjoyed any form of fishing more. Still, deceptions awaited us. We backed up our net again, and instead of finding more herring, found less. Our friend the skipper came up

at that moment, and we asked after the net which we had seen so fully weighted. There had been only a few in it—though a few may mean four or five hundred. It was evident enough now that part of the herring were smaller in size, and these were going through the meshes—which in Downings are made wide, for the large class of fish. And by this time no one was getting many; boats began to drop away homewards; only John's indomitable younger brother still pulled vehemently from one shot to another, saying that if they thrashed away till morning they might happen on a lump of them. We, less sanguine, decided for bed, and hauled, first the nets to which we were riding, then the other on which our hopes had been pinned. Fish came in now by scores, and the heap between John and me was bigger than I had ever seen; I was learning fast the quick turn of the wrist which is needed to disentangle the gills. Finally, the net with the biggest of our shots was reached, and we hauled it in bodily, as is done when fish are thick—piling silver scales and dark meshes all in a confused bundle in the bottom of the boat.

We pulled in then for the quay, still in the glimmering darkness, and the two boys in the curragh came to give a hand—for the work was now too skilled for amateurs to dabble in. The net was cleared of the fish, then made up, with the rest of our borrowings, in bales and left on the quay. Then came the task of gathering the fish; three baskets they filled, with good measure, and there were several dozens over for an odd lot to bring home. We left our catch in a box to be taken over by the skipper, and sold in with his own; and then we cleared the way, for the Tory boat was coming ashore also. She was about twenty-four feet long; four men sat in her rowing; and as they sat they were mid-leg deep in herrings. The whole bottom of the craft was deep with them—one mass of tarnished silver. Seven or eight cran was the estimate—say five or six thousand fish. We had perhaps as many hundreds. And if they looked big in bulk, the weight was more surprising. Before we went home, we had to help our own boys with a curragh which they had loaded and beached—she also floored with herrings. An empty curragh can be carried easily by one man; it gave six of us plenty to do to bring this one beyond high-water mark.

That was the end of my fishing except for one more incident. Next day I had—unwillingly enough—to leave, and miss the sight of the whole fleet gathered in this corner, till the bay, as they said, was 'fair solid' with buoys and boats; and when I returned

on the second evening I found old Tom hirpling up to the cottage. At first he would only chaff me about having run from my craft, and I could not make out his errand till we were all gathered in the kitchen. Then he produced a small packet. It contained our earnings—nineteen shillings and ninepence for the three baskets. I shall always omit the fraction and insist that once in my life I earned five shillings by honest work—with just a pleasing suspicion of piracy about it, for a pleasure-boat is not meant to be covered from stem to stern with herring scales. However, as the owner said when I apologised, ‘What else would anybody do?’

Herring fishing under these circumstances is an agreeable and rather idyllic pastime, and the Tory crew who made their two or three pounds apiece that night got the money easy. But it was not long after that there came an evening without wind, yet with a wild sea running, which hurled itself against the cliffs in such a wash of water as I had not seen all the summer, though I saw gales more than once. The fleet was all out, but about ten o’clock that night our fisherman came home. The smack had lost half her nets—thirteen of them. In the crowd of boats, they had been berthed near Horn Head; the heavy sea set up an undertow which took the nets in on the rocks, and they got sail on the boat, and sweeps out trying to drag clear; but the waves were running mast-high on the cliff, and every minute they were in danger of being washed in. So they cast away what they could not save. Next morning the gale came on, which the heavy sea had heralded, but the smack was out looking for her nets, with a curragh on board of her to go out, if necessary, and free them from the rock. And the mother of the fisherboy was going about the house with heavy circles round her eyes. The nets were not found then, but next day word came that they were seen adrift, and the crew went out in a skiff and fetched them safely, for there was a lull that morning. Another boat went out, one from the westward islands, anxious to get home. That afternoon, when the gale had risen again, I saw her appearing, a small brown speck on the waste of raging water. The breeze had caught her in Tory Sound and she had turned. Now she was set to it to beat up; and the men of the house and I watched her. Once, for a moment in the hour’s fight, when she had stood over right to the cliffs opposite, and put her helm down to come about, something went wrong, she drifted backwards, and the fishers leapt to their feet, thinking she would drive on the rocks. But in an instant she came away and made the port safe

on that tack. An hour, half an hour later, I doubt if any boat of her size could have done so. None were out on that water for the next three days.

These heavy gales from the west and north-west often render fishing impossible for a spell. But then Horn Head is a break-water. Worse and more dangerous are the north-east winds which blow straight in and send the whole force of the sea driving on Port-na-blah. John told me, simply enough, of one day when he was out in the smack, fishing close inshore. The long line of net was shot, and it was loaded deep with fish ; there was hardly an air of wind ; he himself had just come aboard with a skiff, after shooting and lifting a short net shot in another part of the bay. Then suddenly, without warning, it came down a hurricane. The boat was right in on the lee shore—so close, the woman of the house said, that it seemed as if the men had only to step ashore—and the tide was low on the dangerous entrance to the harbour. They had to run for Downings, and moreover to get to Downings with their fish. Nets had to be hauled up-wind—a deadly task in such weather ; but once they were aboard, as John said, she wasn't long going out of it, nor long in making Downings. But in the crossing half the herring were washed overboard—she got in with only ten or twelve cran and started with twenty or twenty-five—and from the shore it seemed as if she must be swamped. For from the shore the whole struggle could be seen ; and, while the crew wrought for dear life at ropes and tiller, there, on top of the hillock before the cottage, up in the full lash and fury of the wind, John's father, an old infirm man, was upright on his knees, saying rosaries for them.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

SNUFFED OUT.

BY SIR GEORGE SCOTT, K.C.I.E.

THERE are sometimes queer things happen when the British Government takes over new countries which are technically civilised, but are so only in a very patchy sort of a way. These eccentricities are hardened into tragedies, or charmed away into comedies, or even broad farces, when the officers concerned in the handling of them have no great amount of imagination, and a great deal of acquaintance with cast-iron routine.

All round the Indian frontier there is an extraordinary variety of tribes, ranging from flat brigands of the most professional type to ordinary sordid cattle-thieves. But practically all of them have one common characteristic—the extremely light value they set on human life.

When Upper Burma was taken over in 1886, there was a large addition to the extent of wild frontier, and some quite astonishing things happened. The boundary for the most part runs through the wildest possible jumble of mountain ranges and deep valleys, and the tribes are so isolated that they know practically nothing of the rest of the world, and look upon all strangers as enemies, or at the best as suspicious characters. The first dealings with them were therefore of the most varied character, but there was always a good deal, sometimes a very great deal, of tragedy, mixed with the comedy, which was the most prominent characteristic.

Perhaps the most disconcerting result of Government rewards ever known was what occurred in several cases in the Chingpaw country. The Chingpaw in his natural state comes near to being the most disorderly person that exists anywhere, and the chiefs, of whom there are very great numbers, seem to be the most national of their race. By nature the Chingpaw seems to be an unpicturesque, paltry cattle-thief. But it has to be explained that in most parts of the East lifting cattle is considered much more of an offence against society than merely taking human lives. A man who carries off cattle is a person to be shot wherever found, whereas a man who kills another in a brawl, or even by lying in wait for him

behind a bush, can almost always get off by paying blood-money. The Chingpaw, however, mixes up his lifting of stock with blood-feuds of the most approved Pathan kind, and keeps a record of them on a notched bamboo, which is the pride of the household and the heirloom of generations.

Some of the caterans helped the earlier British parties with information and active support, for reasons which probably would not have borne investigation. They were useful, however, and, as a consequence, not a few of them were rewarded with presents of rifles as a recognition of their services. The first use they made of these rifles was to go off and shoot some of their neighbours.

When they were taxed with the murders, they protested with unfeigned indignation that guns were made to kill people with. If Government gave them guns, the only reasonable supposition was that they were to be used, and the most obvious use to put them to was to go and shoot those with whom there was a family feud. Nothing could be more natural or logical.

If a gun was given as a present, it was clear that it would be a slight on the giver not to kill something or somebody with it at the earliest possible moment. Not to do so would be to imply that the giver did not know the use of a gun, which was absurd and insulting. For Government to stipulate afterwards what was to be done with the gun was mere captious irrelevance, unworthy of a reasonable being.

When, nevertheless, not a few of them were sent to gaol, the indignation of relatives, fellow villagers, and even hereditary enemies, was unbounded, and there were many notches cut in bamboos to the debit of Government, personified in anybody holding authority.

A similar confusion of ideas caused much trouble with the first Gurkha sepoy raised for the Indian army. Somehow the recruits developed the theory that the Indian Government had contracted to supply each man with a wife and with a Russian to fight. When, therefore, after a reasonable time had passed and neither of these solaces was forthcoming—no wives served out of store, still less gladiatorial Russians—the Gurkhas deserted and went off home in a highly aggrieved state of mind.

Along the Burma frontier there are a great many different tribes, most of which are on thoroughly bad terms one with another. Nearly all of the ruling families of the various feudatory States of the same race have intermarried so much that the chiefs dislike

one another as emphatically as relatives and connections are not unknown to do in much less primitive communities.

The Burmese made use of this state of affairs to keep the States in subjection. To maintain their authority and to keep order in so large a territory would have required the existence of a disciplined and well-ordered army. If there is one thing a Burman is deficient in it is discipline, and orderliness is equally far from his nature. So they kept a reasonable number of garrisons in various hill-capitals, of as great a strength as could be got to stay together, and managed the country on the 'divide and rule' principle.

If one of the Myosas, or Duwas, or Saopas, or Kraks, or Topas, by which various styles the chiefs were known, rebelled, or became troublesome, contingents were called for from other parts of the Feudatory States to aid the Burmese troops in restoring order and obedience. These hill-levies were put in the front and did all the fighting, if there was any to be done. There very seldom was, however, for the invading army was usually in overwhelming force and overran all the country, and the rebels invariably fled to avoid getting surrounded, which would have meant annihilation. So the allied hill-bands did a tremendous lot of firing and the Burmese troops took all the loot.

The system served the double purpose of keeping the Feudatory States on constant bad terms one with another, and of preventing two risings at the same time. It also very effectually prevented any one State from becoming inconveniently powerful.

This way of carrying on government, however, proved a most unpleasant legacy to the British administration, when it extended its authority to the hills.

One of the most powerful of the chiefs had been harassed into rising against King Thibaw's Government, and, for a year or two before the annexation, had been hustled about from place to place by the Burmese and the usual levies from neighbouring States. When the Burmese garrison was withdrawn to oppose the British advance on Mandalay, this chief made outside alliances and took a very thorough revenge on his late oppressors. He marched from end to end of their States, burnt their villages and seed-grain, cut down their crops, drove off the cattle, and killed all the inhabitants he came across. Then he marched home again and left his victims not far off utter destitution.

They were helpless to retaliate for the moment, and so they

turned to the plains for redress, as they had always been accustomed to do, and three chiefs sent missions to Mandalay to ask for justice and help.

The march is a long one, and when the envoys got down they found that the Burmese Government had been overthrown and that the British had taken its place. They referred back for instructions, and were ordered by their distracted chiefs to apply to anybody that would give them help.

So the mission parties went to the new Local Government and made the formal submission of their masters, and met with the most amiable possible reception, such as is always to be expected under similar circumstances from such a body.

All possible information as to the condition of the hills and the roads there, and the relations between the chiefs, and the supplies to be expected, and the attitude of everybody generally was extracted from them. They were presented with silks for themselves and fur coats for their masters, but they got no sort of definite, or even intelligible, idea of what the British Government proposed to do, and no sort of direct reply of any kind to take back to the chiefs.

Instead, they were foiled and befogged with moral precepts and immemorial platitudes, both written and verbal. Local Governments never formulate ideas. They are mere criticising bodies, or at best make a précis of all the views they can get from any and every sort of source, and then play with it as a cat does with a mouse. When they are very hard pressed they are profuse in estimable suggestions, which have the merit of universal application, but are of no practical use, and offer no material for action or retort.

The first high official they saw informed them that the purpose, and, indeed, the reason of the existence of the British Empire, was to establish universal peace. Wherever it extended its authority there was an end of wrong-doing. The rich man could keep his own, the poor man was sure of justice, the husbandman and the artisan might ply their callings in peace and certainty. All crime was punished, and therefore came to a speedy end. It was very different in Burmese days, when high-handed tyranny led to the events which the envoys had just related so graphically, and which could not be too much deplored, but these were now past and gone, never to return. They might tell the chiefs of their States that they were free to settle down in peace, and assure them

that they would never more be disturbed. He would quote them a verse from the Christians' Sacred Book, which had many resemblances to the teachings of the Lord Buddha: 'Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other.' This he turned up in Judson's Burmese version of the Holy Scriptures, to be sure that he had got it right, and then he added reflectively, to distract his visitors from any demand for an elucidation: 'Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?'

He expected them to go at this point, but the messengers burst out with much volubility that there had been a terrible lot of killing, and that, as they had several times already done themselves the honour of stating, the whole of the three States were little better than a burnt-out camp fire, and were likely to remain so, unless the great officer, in his infinite pity for all created things, were to give orders to the contrary; and in particular they suggested that he should ordain the immediate punishment, overthrow, and spoliation of the oppressor of their masters.

The High Official looked rather annoyed, not to say bored, and said that the Political Officer had explicit orders to restore peace, and would certainly do so. Then he remarked: 'Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life'; and since he could not remember any more texts, appropriate or inappropriate, for the moment, he rang his bell, wished the envoys a most pleasant return journey, and told them that the Under-Secretaries would resolve any more doubts they might have.

They were shown out, and promptly made their way to a Secretary, who gave them a long dissertation on trade and commerce, their advantages to a people, and the certainty that both were at hand, now that the hillmen were becoming the subjects of a great commercial empire. He did this in order to stall off any attempt on their part to repeat at length the details of the letter praying for help, which the chiefs had sent. He could see that the messengers were positively simmering over with eagerness to recount their wrongs again, and he remembered very clearly that an official letter had gone off to the Political Officer in the hills, telling him to smooth over this very difficulty as early as possible, and to use every practicable means to do it without recourse to force, and without coercing the culprit, or making any inquiry into profits and losses.

This was not exactly what he wanted to tell his visitors, so he meandered off into reminiscences of the 'Wealth of Nations,' and

informed the long-suffering envoys that 'we found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers.' The chiefs would find that trade would make them peaceable and happy and prosperous. Prosperity and warfare could not live together. They should let bygones be bygones, and seek peace and ensue it. There had been much fighting in the hills in the bad old days, but now this was all over, and the Political Officer would see that it did not begin again. It was to the Political Officer that they must address themselves. He, the secretary, could only give them his most heartfelt sympathy; action was out of his power.

The envoys announced in chorus that peace was above all things what they desired, and always had desired, and that trade was the end of their aspirations, but they did not see how they were to get either without homes, or cattle, or seed-grain, or agricultural implements, or, most especially, if their great enemy were not forced, not only to remain at peace with them, but to restore most of what he had taken away. That would be a desirable beginning of peace and a promising omen for trade.

The Secretary's one desire was to get rid of them, and he had exhausted most of his political economy ideas and memories, so he fell back on the Scriptural tags of his superior, but he could remember nothing more apposite than to assure the deputation that 'wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all your getting get understanding.' It must be clear to the deputation that he in Mandalay could do nothing but give them assurances. They had also had the assurance of the Local Government. With these they might return cheerfully to the chiefs, their masters, and assure them that all was well. The Political Officer was touring about in the Hill States and would settle any further points that the chiefs might have to discuss, and to him they should make all haste to address themselves. He then rose and shook hands with them effusively, much to their discomposure, for this was a formality of which they had absolutely no previous experience, and could not imagine to themselves what it perpended. The Secretary wished them a speedy and pleasant return journey, and again impressed upon them the necessity of early and regular communication with the Political Officer, and loyal support of him in whatever he might propose.

The envoys backed out and went and sat down in one of the numerous rest-houses outside to smoke large green cheroots and chew betel, and discuss what the *Kalā* (foreign) rulers had told them,

and what it all meant. After prolonged confabulation they unanimously came to the conclusion that this was much the same sort of thing as they had been accustomed to in the old Burmese days, when stray tags of morality from the *Pitaghat* (the Buddhist Books of the Law) were brought to their recollection by Burmese Court officials, who did not want to commit themselves and had no sort of ideas, except that their dignity required that some sort of answer must be given. The new officials had talked much about peace, but they had also talked of killing, and of retaliation, and of trade, and they had also talked of getting wisdom, and this must be a direct hint to draw inferences from what had previously been said. They had been told time after time that the Political Officer had a considerable body of troops with him, and was moving northwards towards their States to establish peace. They were also urged to aid this column in every way possible.

They argued among themselves that this could have only one possible meaning, so they went back to their masters with all convenient speed and announced, like Wolf in Uhland's ballad,

‘Es steht im alten Recht.

There is no change with the change of rulers. Things will go on in the old way.’

Meanwhile, the British column, with the Political Officer, was ponderously moving about in the hills, cursing a country where all the old bridle tracks—there never had been any real roads—were becoming obliterated by jungle growth, and all the bridges over the stream-beds had rotted away. It is a country of constant abrupt hills and narrow valleys, and seamed with streams which cut deep into the soil, where they are not mere cataracts of boulders. It is only after an extensive acquaintance with it that the term ‘plateau’ seems otherwise than as a malicious and rather offensive joke. The ‘Tommies’ declared that the way they had climbed on to the ‘tableland’ was ‘up the blooming legs,’ and the Transport Officer was quite certain that all the bridges were Irish bridges; that is to say, that the water flowed over instead of under them.

The Secretariat wrote to the Political Officer that the important chiefs of Kasang, Isang, and Ka-an had made their submission, and had promised to use their influence with their neighbours and fellow-chiefs to persuade them to lay down their arms and accept British authority.

The Political Officer accordingly wrote to these chieftains and

told them that he would shortly turn eastwards to restore order, and expected them to assist him in every way they possibly could. He condoled with them on their misfortunes, but assured them that a happier time was before them. They were to use all their influence with such chiefs as had not already submitted, and particularly with the Chief of Kalaü, whose territory bounded theirs on the south.

About a month afterwards, the column—which had been moving about by devious routes, dictated by the necessity of keeping up a supply of rations, the advisability of following roads reasonably safe for the battery mules, and the vagaries of guides, who wanted them to avoid or to pass through particular villages—marched into the capital of Kalaü. The ruler of that State was a close relation of the former rebel chief who had dealt so roughly with Kasang, Isang, and Ka-an. He had also been conspicuous for the zeal with which he gave advice to everybody, suggested forms of policy and promised support, but somehow never seemed to furnish it. Consequently he had kept clear of all the fighting, and his State was as near prosperity as the cessation of all trade permitted any place to be in. Equally indisputably he was unpopular with everybody, since good advice is precisely what most people cordially dislike having thrust upon them.

He had been in correspondence with the Political Officer and had sent him letters of enormous length, but of as trite a character, and with as little definite substance in them, as the average sermon. He had, however, invited a visit to his State, and the circumstance that he was not in his capital to receive his visitors seemed at first rather unsatisfactory, especially to the Political Officer, who looked upon himself, as regards the chiefs, as in much the same relative position as a marionette showman stands to his puppets.

However, the camp had hardly been pitched, and the sepoy were just sitting about cooking their *chapattis*, when urgent messages came in from the chief to say that he was a few miles to the north, fighting a band of 'rebels' who had invaded his territory and were burning his villages. The messengers pointed to two huge columns of smoke as a proof of the truth of the statement.

Accordingly a party in light marching order, with a couple of mountain guns, was fallen in immediately and proceeded up the valley for a matter of five or six miles. The valley steadily narrowed, and just where it became something like a gorge the

chief of Kalaü was found, and then it was ascertained for the first time that the 'dacoits' were men from Kasang, Isang, and Ka-an.

They occupied two main positions on knolls outstanding from the general slope of either side of the valley. These were held in considerable force and were protected by earthen parapets, ditches, bamboo spikes, and log stockades. Another party held the stream in the bottom of the valley to secure a supply of drinking water, and skirmishers from all these positions were at that moment engaged in burning villages high up the hillside.

The Kalaü people also had two main positions, much more hastily constructed, though one of them was a walled pagoda enclosure, and the other a sort of fortified camp; but there were parties of from five to ten men each scattered up the hills on both sides of the valley, behind rapidly thrown-up log breastworks.

Both sides were carrying on a dropping fire, with very little chance of hitting one another, since their guns were mostly flintlocks and old Tower muskets, and the range was what the combatants thought a safe distance from their opponents' fire.

The Chief of Kalaü explained that the invaders had appeared without any warning whatsoever three days before, and had promptly begun burning and looting. They had subsequently announced that they were acting on behalf, and by the orders, of the British Government.

'The Lord of the *Kalās* will doubtless order his guns to fire upon them, and then my men will join in exterminating these lawless dacoits.'

'No, no, my dear *Saopalōng*' (Great Chief), said the Political Officer; 'that is no doubt the method you have been accustomed to, but it is not a good way, and it is not my way. These men are followers of chiefs who have made submission to the British Government, and have been received in Mandalay. I also have written to them assuring them of my protection. A few words will settle the misapprehension which has arisen in some extraordinary way. There is some absurd mistake.'

'The mistake may appear absurd and extraordinary to the Lord of the *Kalās*, but to me it appears exasperating, and expensive, and intolerable. They have done much harm. They have carried off forty-two buffaloes, thirty-seven bullocks, and a great quantity of rice. They have taken five guns firing with caps—not mere matchlock guns—and burnt four villages, and—there, you see, they have set fire to another village. Palaungs they are who

came wandering down here. I gave them advances of grain five months ago, so that they might start cultivating. There are—how many did you say, *amallóng*?' turning to one of his Ministers. 'Yes, five more cattle there. Moreover,' said the chief, apparently as an afterthought, 'they have killed four, five, or eight men, which it is only reasonable and proper to suppose grieves the women and children.'

'I can quite sympathise with the *Saopalóng*'s annoyance and indignation,' said the Political Officer, 'but it is precisely to put an end to this useless and lamentable internecine warfare, of which you have had such a great deal, that I have come up to these hill countries with my troops, and it would be contrary to my policy to countenance such disturbances by firing upon these poor villagers. ("Blethering old ass!" said a subaltern behind.) I will show you how we settle these things peacefully, and without bloodshed. I will simply say a few words to them, and they will go back to their homes, and I am sure you will be good friends afterwards.'

'Oh,' said the Chief of Kalaü, 'the Lord of the *Kalās* will preach the law to them. That is very suitable and proper. But how does the Lord propose to say these words, and how are my people to be compensated for their losses?'

'The *Saopalóng* must give me a messenger. I will send a letter up to the main post and order the leaders to come here, and then we will settle everything.'

'A messenger! Whom does the Lord of the *Kalās* suppose I can send there? There, do you see that?'

At that very moment the firing, which had been stopped on both sides, out of curiosity, on the arrival of the British troops, began with three or four shots from a point between two or three thousand feet up the hillside to the west, and almost immediately there was a ragged fire all along the line, and a shrill jackal-like howl from the main stockade of the invaders.

'None of my men would dare to go,' said the chief, 'and there is no one here that I want to get rid of just now, so that I cannot order anyone. He would be shot. Better would it be to fire upon them with the cannon, as I did myself the honour to suggest to the Lord of the *Kalās* a short time ago.'

'If you choose, sir,' said an officer, 'I can take the mounted infantry up. We could find a blind spot up that *nullah* where they could not see us and could not touch us, and we could gallop

the last hundred yards of the slope at the top. Then, if they agree to come down, I will bring them, and if they show fight I can give a good account of them.'

'No, no,' said the Political. 'How often must I tell you that these people are quite ignorant of our ways? If they saw you come galloping at them they would all run away, and then what should we do?'

'Very good, sir. Then perhaps you will decide what to do as soon as you can. My men have had nothing to eat to-day.'

'None of the men have had anything to eat all day, and it is past four now,' said the Officer Commanding. 'It will take us two and a half hours to get back to camp. You must make up your mind now. Much better let us go straight for them. It is the quickest way.'

'But, my dear colonel, I wrote to these men that we had come to open up the Gold and Silver Way, and to put a stop to all fighting. I assured them that their submission was most sensible and proper, and told them they would be protected. Their action is most absurd, but they believe that they are assisting us to subdue the country. I must carry out my plan.'

'They don't seem to like your programme.'

'Gad, they've started burning another village up north there!'

'Behold,' said the Chief of Kalaü, 'the rebels are destroying all my country. Necessarily you must fire on them with the cannon.'

But at that moment a Hēng—a chiliarch—came in with two men behind him, dragging a prisoner with his arms tied behind his back.

'The slave of Our Lord,' the Hēng announced, 'has caught this butchering scoundrel. Does Our Lord will that he be removed?'

'Who is he?' asked Kalaü.

'He calls himself Ai Lao, of Isang, great lord. He said he was beaten and forced to come along with the dacoits, carrying cooking-pots for them into Our Lord's dominions. Your slaves caught him behind the fuel stack of Our Lord's slave, Ai Hkam, eating the plantains of Our Lord and of Ai Hkam. He is a person of no importance, and is too old to be of any use to Our Lord.'

'Oh, very good. Let him be removed.'

'What does the *Saopalōng* say?' asked the Political Officer, who did not understand the hill languages.

'The *Saopalōng* says to cut his head off,' said the interpreter.

'Cut his head off! But the *Saopalóng's sanad*—it is true that he has not got it yet, and I have not had an opportunity of explaining its terms to him. The power of life and death rests with me, subject to the confirmation of the Local Government. Why, the man has not been tried. He has not opened his mouth even. Tell him. *Saopalóng*! I must claim this man to take my orders up to these people, telling them to cease hostilities immediately on pain of my serious displeasure.'

'The Lord of the *Kalās* wants this man? He can have him. But how should these dacoits know that he is the Lord of the *Kalās*' messenger? He is a common man, and of no credit, and he has not intelligence enough to remember what he is told.'

'But I will write an order and affix my seal. Where is the clerk? Where is the seal?'

'The seal,' said the clerk, 'is in the office-box on your honour's elephants. The elephants had not arrived to the camp when your honour marched out to this battle-fighting.'

'This is most annoying. Another time things must be arranged better. Write a letter now. Say that I have arrived here and received the submission of the Chief of Kalaü, who, with all his subjects, is now under the protection of the British Government. Therefore they must immediately cease hostilities, and the leaders must come in here, where I will establish peace. There, that's signed. They will know my signature. Now, *Saopalóng*, you must cause this man to be released, and he will take my letter to these people up there.'

The chief gave a grunt, but ordered the man to be set free.

Ai Lao promptly grovelled on the ground before the Kalaü chief, listened in a dazed sort of way to the instructions of the interpreter, took the letter, which was thrust into a cleft bamboo, and then crawled off, not up the slope, but along the main road up the middle of the valley. However, nobody interfered with him, and he was soon hidden by a bend in the road.

'Now, *Saopalóng*, come and sit here and have a talk. And tell your men to stop firing. Everything is settled now.'

The Chief of Kalaü looked very disgusted, but he mumbled something to the men kneeling round him, and went off to sit upon a saddle-cloth beside the Political Officer.

Meanwhile the Assistant, who had climbed up a small ridge and had satisfied himself that Ai Lao would be at least an hour in getting to the main post, if he went there at all, began slowly

strolling up the slope, with no very definite idea of what he was doing. He was in full view of both sides, and after he had gone about a couple of hundred yards the firing on both sides stopped, and a few paces farther on he stopped, too.

'Have a revolver if you are going on,' called out the Colonel.

'They will not dare to harm you,' shouted the Political Officer.

'It is not proper that you should walk. Have my pony?' said Kalatü.

'Send me a box of matches. My pipe's out,' replied the Assistant. He had had no thought of going on, but now that it seemed expected of him he thought he might as well do it dramatically.

The matches were brought by an ex-ruling chief, attached to the column to furnish information, check the interpreter, and communicate with the other chiefs, all of whom he knew personally. There was also an idea that it would be well to give him employment to keep him out of mischief. He had lost his State some years before through Burmese intrigue during the civil war period, and was known to everybody in the column as the 'Decayed Duwa.'

He volunteered to go on up to the post if the Assistant thought of going.

'As you please,' said the Assistant. 'I'll be very glad if you will come to do the talking.'

They forthwith began the steep part of the climb, where the curve of the hill shut out all view of the stockade on the top. They did not see it again till they got over the stair-like terrace cultivation, with ledges as high and narrow as one sees about the hills of Naples and in the south of Italy generally.

They were within a couple of hundred yards of the stockade of the allied post when the Assistant suddenly stepped out into full view. There was not a man to be seen in the stockades.

'The Master Lord had better get under shelter whilst I talk to them,' said the Decayed Duwa, cautiously peering over the edge of the last step.

For answer the Assistant turned his back on the stockade, and carefully filled and lighted his pipe again. It had its effect. Two or three heads appeared over the top of the stockade.

'Is the *Saopalóng* there?' called the Decayed Duwa.

'Who are you? Why have you come?' was shouted back.

'Who are your leaders?' was the Decayed Duwa's reply.

'His Honour the Great Lord and Administrator General of the Hill Countries, Lords, and Peoples has come, and tells you to lay down your arms and to be at peace.'

'Is that the *Ayebaing* with you?'

'The *Ayebaing* waits down below. He bids you cease fighting and come down along with the noble Assistant, who is here before you. He guarantees your safety.'

Two or three men had come outside the stockade by this time, when suddenly there was a shot from far up the hill and the buzz of a round bullet.

The men hastily disappeared inside the stockade. The Assistant shook his fist angrily and comprehensively at the party down below, and then turned and walked rapidly towards the stockade.

The Decayed Duwa kept close behind him, protesting against this impetuosity, and imploring him to beware of bamboo spikes. By extraordinary good luck he escaped these, with the exception of one which went through the side of his putties. While he was pulling this out some men appeared at the gate of the stockade.

'Come here. Don't waste time. It will be dark soon,' he called.

There was a laugh, and a repetition of his words by one to another, and in a few minutes he and the Decayed Duwa were the centre of a crowd of men, all of them armed, and all talking at once.

Fortunately the Decayed Duwa discovered two old acquaintances in the commanders of the Isang and Ka-an levies, and after a great deal of talk, interrupted impatiently by the Assistant, a party of ten from the stockade went down the hill to the Political Officer and the Chief of Kalaü.

When they arrived that chief took up the negotiations immediately. He knew several of the party intimately—they were all prominent officials of the allied States—and demanded to be told why his State was thus invaded.

'The Lord, who is the Great Lord, together with other Lords, invaded our country last rice-cutting time, and carried off everything portable and burnt everything inflammable, and killed all he could lay hands on. Your slaves and the common people had nothing to eat. Moreover, the Great Secretary, who lives in Mandalay, told us to assist the *Kalās's* troops. Therefore we came here.' Ordinarily the Ministers would not have dared to say

anything so direct, but they were emboldened by the presence of the British troops.

‘I would soon have routed you and driven you out,’ said Kalaü. ‘You would never have got so far if we had not been expecting the Lord of the *Kalās* from the other side, and paying no attention to you.’

‘The Lord, who is the Great Lord, is a famous warrior. There are none who shoot like him, and he has an admirable load-behind gun’ (a breech-loader), said the Isang leader, who was more timid and conciliatory than his brother generals.

This was a cunning allusion. Kalaü was, above all things, proud of his skill with the rifle, and the bait was immediately taken.

‘Yesterday I fired at a man at the stockade behind Wanköt. I hit him, did I not?’

‘The Lord, who is the Great Lord, hit the *Tanè hēng* in the leg. He lies grievously ill.’

‘I thought so,’ chuckled Kalaü. ‘Yes, I would soon have driven you out.’

But now the Political Officer intervened, and asked the allied leaders to explain how it came that they were there burning and destroying in friendly territory when he had expressly ordered them to note that all warfare was at an end.

The leaders with one accord said, in a sort of chant: ‘We assist the British Government, according to the orders of the Greater and Lesser Secretaries, and of our Lord, the Administrator-General.’

‘My orders! I told you to remain at peace, and await my arrival.’

‘The Lord of the *Kalās* said in his golden communication to the chiefs, our Lords: “I charge you to assist me and the British Government in every way you possibly can.” Then did we, your slaves, say: “Not otherwise did the Great Secretary promulgate his decision. He quoted from his holy books versicles about killing, and about vengeance, and about assistance to the overlord. And the Lesser Secretary charged us to exercise our understanding.” Therefore, when we related this to Our Lord, he gave orders, and said: “The Lord of the *Kalās* marches to Kalaü. Make haste to assist him.” Then did we, his and your slaves, gather together what force we could, and, slumbering not nor sleeping, hasten to help the Lord of the *Kalās* and his army. And have we

not done well? The Lord of the *Kalās* has possessed himself of Kalāü. He has without doubt received large sums of money from the Lord of Kalāü. On this account we are full of joy and rejoicing, and we also have had some share in the issue. Why does the Lord of the *Kalās* chide us?’

‘This is intolerable,’ said the Political. ‘The British Government does not scheme and hint in this fashion, and that Government, as represented by me, takes money in no such way. I am amazed——’

‘Would you mind settling this business as rapidly as possible?’ interjected the Colonel. ‘We must get back to camp as soon as possible. It is sunset, and my men have had a very long day.’

‘Oh, very well, very well, colonel. It is most annoying, and quite unprecedented, but I suppose it will be better to reprimand the chiefs rather than these misguided people; and it certainly will be better to have a record of the reprimand which I propose to give them, on my files. But you must give me time to put an end to the present situation.’

‘Look at them. They have already settled it among themselves,’ said the Colonel.

And, as a matter of fact, the chief had been talking to the allied leaders, and had reached a state of high good humour. He had found out that he had made two more successful shots with his carbine, and he was almost pleased that the situation had arisen so as to enable him to show off his marksmanship before so large and varied a gathering.

He insisted at first that they must surrender everything they had taken. The invaders said they would give up the guns and other such things, but the rice and the cattle they could not return because all of them had been eaten, and they could not give an equivalent because Kalāü’s brother-in-law, the ex-rebel, had carried off everything in the three States. Moreover, they were in such a plight that they had not food enough to take them back to their homes, and there was nothing to be had or taken on the way.

Kalāü grumbled and growled for a time, but every now and then broke out into a fit of vainglory about his shooting, and the end of it was that he consented to take whatever could be found, and promised not only to feed the invaders next day, but to give them two days’ rice to carry them home. But he said

he must see them over the frontier before he gave them these supplies.

The Political Officer began a lecture, but found that his audience was so little inclined to listen to him that he broke off abruptly, and said that he would send letters to the three chiefs by special messengers the following day.

Everything was carried out according to arrangement, and there has been peace between the States ever since.

The British troops got back to their camp long after dark, and, whilst they were cooking their *chapattis*, said the methods of civilisation had disadvantages, and cursed all countries where there was no chance of loot.

LINKS WITH THE PAST—OLD MINIATURES.

THOSE who, for our instruction and delight, have spread a delicate and dainty banquet of æsthetic taste and beauty, for these summer and autumn months, in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, have added the strong piquancy of contrast to our entertainment by overleaping the two hundred years which separated the Primitifs¹ of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries from the miniaturists and engravers of 1750-1830, setting before us the fullest realisation of eighteenth-century art without showing us the process of transition and development. In 1904 M. Henry Bouchot and his erudite associates revealed to us that France possessed a half-forgotten treasure of national art, and that her painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were not only worthy to stand by the side of the greatest masters of Italy and Flanders, but that their works had actually, in too many instances, been attributed to their Flemish and Italian compeers. It was a proud and happy task to be able to rescue these national treasures from ignorant and negligent misappropriation, and to admit the generality of lovers of art and antiquity to a share in the knowledge of the privileged few—to reveal the grave and sober beauty of the Madonnas of the schools of Paris, Burgundy, Navarre, Champagne, Provence, and to add to our knowledge of the name of the master-miniaturist of all time, Jean Fouquet, that of his most precious works, as of Jean Bourdichon, Enguerrand Charonton, the rare paintings of Jean Malouel and Girard d'Orléans, and, greatest perhaps of all, the man who through a singular injustice of posterity has come to us nameless, and whom we can still, until some happy discovery in the archives of the past enlightens us, only call, from his employment by those princes, the 'Peintre des Bourbons' or 'Maître de Moulins.'

If Fouquet and his contemporaries are admittedly the greatest miniaturists of their time, the same privilege may be claimed by the Augustins, Dumonts, Isabeys, and Sicardis of the eighteenth century; and not more curious or interesting is it to

¹ 'Blackstick Papers, No. 9: Paris, Prisms, and Primitifs,' by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. *Cornhill Magazine*, July 1904.

note the strong contrasts between the two periods than to trace, as does M. Bouchot in his notice on the miniatures, the persistence of technique, minuteness and precision of detail, brilliancy of fantasy, and intelligent observation of persons and of things which prove the affiliation, from generation to generation, of the eighteenth-century miniaturists to the old illuminators on vellum; by tradition and link by link connecting those of the reign of Louis XIV. with those of Louis XIII., Francis Clouet with Perréal, Perréal with Fouquet, himself the heir of the artists of the Duc de Berry, the creators of the art in which France reigns supreme.

If we must admit that England shows tamely in the miniatures, that her greatest master, Cosway, compares poorly with the French artists, and that his works deserve the reproach that he saw his contemporaries uniformly gifted with large, laughing eyes and smiling, somewhat characterless mouths, the case is very different when we approach the engravers. Here England has her revenge and reigns supreme, and the best work of Janinet, Debucourt, and Sergent pales before the luminous beauty of the mezzotints of the English school, carried at once to its greatest height by the genius of Bartolozzi (1735-1815), who, though born at Florence, was perhaps the brightest ornament of the English engravers' art, and was surrounded by a constellation of artists whose works are but little inferior to his own: James McArdell, the Irishman, Richard Earlom, Valentine Green—who passed for the best interpreter of Sir Joshua Reynolds, John Jones, Samuel Reynolds, John Raphael Smith, and William Ward, to name only the most illustrious of the group of men who lived and worked between 1750 and 1830, and whose mezzotints and engravings, once sold for a few shillings, now command prices such as the 900*l.* paid at the Blyth sale for Thomas Watson's portrait, after Reynolds, of Lady Bampfylde.

But the chief interest in the juxtaposition here of England and France lies deeper than in rivalry of method or superiority of talent. If we may assume that the honest art of any given period is a sure index of the state of society, of its beliefs, its virtues, its errors, and its fashions of thought and sentiment, the differences and contrasts we may find become of absorbing interest, indicating, as it seems to us, in the greater solidity and sobriety of expression and form, traces of attachment to the best traditions of the past, a domesticity and a reticence which may

in a measure explain why England failed to follow France into revolution, why the great wave of eighteenth-century infidelity rose to its height and broke in devastation in Paris and not in London, why, in a word, French society was tainted with a light and airy libertinism more corroding to its vitality than the grosser failings of contemporary England. Hogarth had scourged the vices of his day—the ‘*Mariage à la Mode*’ appeared in 1745—with scorpions; the French satirists wreathed their whip with roses, or exchanged it for a harlequin’s flail, when they did not laughingly condone where they should have chastised.

In the later years of 1700 it would seem as if the greatest calamity which can fall upon the character of a nation had come upon France—the salt had lost its savour. If we are to believe contemporary witnesses, not only had the great race of French divines died out, the Bossuets, Massillons and Bourdaloues, who with an eloquence and learning never surpassed had unflinchingly laid bare the consciences of men, and upheld the standard of their creed; but so deeply had the errors of the day bitten into French life and thought that their successors, the *Abbés de Cour*, and even the dignitaries among the clergy of the Court and town, quailed before the enemy they should have engaged with, contented themselves with preaching of ‘the lesser virtues,’ and left the Decalogue and the great mysteries of their faith alone. If in the art of the time we see the Church represented but by the powdered and bepatched Abbés clad in silk and trifling in a boudoir; if, in seeking for some emblem of belief or act of worship in these exquisite representations of every scene in town and country life of the great world, we can find nothing but some altar to pagan love being hung with garlands by youth or lady, it is but fitting that among the portraits here—with clever evil face and dressed in Mephistophelian red—should be the powerful unfinished full-length miniature of Voltaire, chief tutelary genius of that period of disintegration.

When the Primitifs painted the portraits of the lords and ladies of their day, they represented them most often on their knees, their patron saint by their side, or sometimes with their children, ranged according to age and sex and also on their knees, behind them. The female costume varied often during those two centuries of 1400 and 1500, but whatever its vagaries, a strict modesty was its predominant note; from chin to feet the garments, whatever might be the shape or size imposed by fashion, closely

enveloped their wearers, leaving but the face and throat, or face alone exposed.

In 1760 we have a half-length miniature of a lady with her infant son as Cupid ; the child wears wings, the lady's draperies are scanty. This costume, or lack of costume, is not repeated, but the style of dress is a reflex of the tendencies of the age. The *fichu* worn by day-time over the low bodice was often of so thin a texture as to cover but not conceal the snowy bosom, as its name of *fichu menteur* conveyed.

So great a number of portraits of the society of the time of Louis XVI. has never been gathered together before, with their beautiful *grand air*, their *fanfreluches*, their *colifichets* and frills of cobwebby *point de Valenciennes*, *Alençon*, *Malines*. The ladies, with their lofty head-dresses, their frivolities and artificialities, speak to us with a startling vividness from these little squares and rounds of ivory, sometimes enclosed in diamonds, sometimes themselves the jewel, or, again, figuring as the adornment of a golden box. There is not a commonplace or mediocre image among them ; they tell us of their tastes, their passions, their joyous carelessness and ignorance, and the majority of them paid for their errors, and the errors of their time, with their heads. It is the knowledge of this that lends an extreme poignancy to our interest and fills our minds with ruth as we look on these speaking, smiling, careless countenances, carried with so airy a grace, until our own neck seems to ache as our eyes travel from one fair throat to another. Perhaps the cause may lie in the abnormal size of the curled and powdered head-dresses or the exquisite treatment of the artist, perhaps in the compassion they incite ; but never did ladies' necks look so fragile, delicate, or deprecatingly youthful and lovely as do these. They paid a great price, 'and are we much worthier than they ?' asks M. Bouchot in his preface. How many were the most innocent of victims is brought home to us as we look upon the bright intelligent and sensible face of the *Princesse de Lamballe* in a simple dress, painted in 1788, and recall de Norvins' horrified description in his 'Memorial' of how from his father's house in the *Place Vendôme* he watched her noble head carried on a pike by the howling mob down the *Rue St. Honoré* ; the *Rue de Rivoli* did not then exist, he continues, so all the terrible processions went down the *Rue St. Honoré*.

Those whose destiny was not the scaffold, emigration awaited ; and these gay laughers in their rich attire, surrounded as we see

them with a thousand costly toys, were to know the bitterness of penury in exile, glad to earn a few shillings or thalers in England or Germany by teaching their own language, or dancing or fencing; those who laid their bones on the field of foreign battle counting among the fortunate. A German lady still remembers that in her childhood the postman in her Westphalian birthplace was a Rohan Chabot; tradition told how a carriage-and-four had driven through the little town in the days when the Terror reigned in France, and a child, for some unknown reason, was deposited there with that illustrious name inscribed on a paper pinned to his clothing. The infant was brought up by the commune, honestly but poorly, the town being poor itself, and when he grew up was made its letter-carrier. Blood will out, and despite the rusticity of garb and circumstance Chabot looked every inch a grand seigneur: 'such a tall, handsome man, and "Lennchen," his daughter, for he married in our town, looked like a marquise.' Only one more recollection of him remains; after the restoration of Louis XVIII. persons came from Paris inquiring for Chabot, 'and when they found he was merely a postman, they went away again.'

So the tale of innocence suffering with guilt in that grand cataclysm repeats itself all down the scale from Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; the blight of the Regency and of Louis XV. had corroded too deeply to be extirpated by them, they had neither the genius nor the strength to be reformers, and so fell victims. There was both confession and prophecy in their 'God protect us; we are too young to reign!' The King who was to pay with his life for the corruption of Court and Government was, like Charles I., that rare thing among monarchs, a pattern of conjugal fidelity, and calumny itself failed to fasten on the fair fame of Marie Antoinette. It did its utmost, as the presumed portrait here of Mlle. Oliva of the 'Diamond Necklace' conspiracy reminds us—a conspiracy led by a Prince of the Church, Cardinal Rohan, and a conjuror, Cagliostro.

As Dauphiness and as Queen we see Marie Antoinette in many aspects, as a 'Belle Fermière,' and again in a curious riding costume, bare-headed and bare-necked, with a riding-whip in her hand and a plumed hat by her side, painted by her Court miniaturist François Campana. Dumont, one of the greatest artists of his time, to whom Louis XVI. gave an apartment in the Louvre, paints the Queen, about 1774, *en negligée*, in a simple white lawn

dress and a lilac ribbon in her lightly-powdered hair, a fascinating portrait. Equally simple and very pretty is a print of her portrait as Dauphiness, by Van-Loo, soon after her arrival in France. Then we have a large *aqua-fortis* by Jean B. Dagoty, dated 1777, and entitled 'Bienfaisance de la Reine,' representing Marie Antoinette in a woodland glade with her ladies around her, succouring a poor peasant who has been wounded in a stag-hunt. Exaggeration of costume could hardly go further than in her portrait in regal robes by the same artist. We must go to Queen Elizabeth to find a hoop so enormous covered by garments so elaborate and gorgeous. There are but four examples known of this rare print, one of which is at Windsor and another, in the Béraldi collection, had been washed by the tide of revolution into the eddy of a *concierge's* lodge, whence it was rescued at a cost of 1,200 francs. On the birth of the Dauphin, October 22, 1781, a print was published of the King and Queen with their son, framed with flowers and wreaths, and entitled 'Les Sentiments de la Nation.' These sentiments are translated into eulogious stanzas commencing:—

Antoinette, du Lys espérance bien chère.

The quantity of portraits of the Queen published and sold in England by Watson, Boydell, and other engravers, prove the celebrity of that unhappy Queen and the interest her fate inspired. Those published before her death are the rarest.

There is a miniature by Mlle. Capet, one of the excellent female artists of the day, of the poor little Dauphin as a gardener's boy, in the simplest of jackets and trousers and with bare curly head, a wheelbarrow beside him, reminiscent in all probability of some happy day at the Petit Trianon or the Hameau. Once again we have a glimpse of the child in the last days of the splendour of royalty in a drawing by Isabey, entitled 'Retour de la promenade de Mgr. le Dauphin au vieux château de Meudon, en 1791.' It is an evening scene, the Prince in his gorgeous chariot, surrounded by his Court and Guard in brilliant uniforms.

There are several portraits of the King's daughter, Madame Royale, afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême, the most touching of them a coloured print of 1795, at the time of her exchange effected by the Plenipotentiaries of Rastadt. The orphaned Princess has a look of quivering sorrow on her young face which few can behold

without emotion, and which was never to leave it. The same expression may be seen on the face of another young girl orphaned by the guillotine, Françoise du Plain de St. Albine. Her father was executed in 1794, and this portrait was painted in 1796. The child had been adopted by Pierre Boulouvard, Minister of the Interior under the Consulate (1795), who had married her maternal aunt, Jeanne Allier de Hauteroche. Little Françoise is represented looking up into the face of her young cousin, Benoît Boulouvard, and the lad's hand is protectingly laid on her shoulder. The painter, Sicard, has admirably given the pathetic, half-troubled, confiding look of the little girl, and the honest kindness with which her *roturier* young cousin looks down on her. Françoise afterwards married the Marquis de Pastour de Costebelle, and Benoît died young.

This wonderful collection not only shows us those who reaped the storm but also those who sowed the whirlwind, Louis XV., his Pompadour and du Barry, his inefficient Ministers (inefficiency the least of their faults), chief actors in a scene of which 'those who ran could read the signs,' and to which Carlyle's words applied: 'Through all time, if we read aright, sin was, is, will be, the parent of misery.' There were unheeded witnesses and warners at the time. 'In short,' wrote Chesterfield, December 25, 1753, eleven years before the death of Louis XV., 'all the symptoms which I have ever met with in History, previous to great Changes and Revolutions in Government, now exist and increase in France.'

It rather upsets preconceived ideas of a Bourbon king to find Louis XV., in the large coloured engraving by Le Blon, a thin, tall, angular man, rather lantern-jawed; this fine work has every sign of being a good portrait.

Quite the most costly frame surrounding any miniature here is the beautifully wrought wreath of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds enclosing the large round portrait of Madame de Pompadour. It is by an anonymous artist who must have been a master of his craft. Painted about 1750, it represents the lady in the heyday of her youth and splendour, less beautiful, perhaps, but no less *espiègle* and intelligent-looking than we expected. It is curious to find the only good portrait here of Madame du Barry (Dagoty's print of the Countess with her famous negro boy, Zamore, bringing her her chocolate, giving but a poor idea of his subject or of his own talent) to be the work of an Englishman,

Thomas Watson. It is a print after Drouais' portrait, but he has exaggerated her wig à l'*Anglaise* and blackened the eyebrows, giving her somewhat the aspect of a clown.

It is characteristic of the time that the only representation of the Duc d'Aiguillon's family, so great under Louis XV.—the Duke 'covered if not with glory yet with meal,' in the mill of St. Cast, as he looked out on Quiberon and the invading English—should be a scene of drawing-room theatricals in the Hôtel d'Aiguillon.

In a Louis-XVI. room, beautifully panelled and decorated, we see the future Duke as Crispin, the Duchesse de Mazarin, the Marquise de Chabrilhon, and Madame de la Musandière in different parts (painted in 1774). This rage for *travestis* and theatricals, reasonable enough as carried on at the Château de Brienne and other great country houses, had invaded the inner sanctuary of the Court, and Marie Antoinette's appearances on the boards are often quoted as one of the great marks of her neglect of etiquette, and one of the factors in the approaching cataclysm. Twenty years earlier we find the three young daughters of Louis XV. *en travesti*, painted in 1758 by their drawing-master Velper; Madame Henriette as a fortune-teller, Madame Louise as Terpsichore, and Madame Sophie as a pilgrim. Madame Louise, for this was an age of startling contrasts, became a saintly Carmelite nun. The fourth daughter, Madame Adélaïde, we see in much later life (in 1789), painted by another of the excellent female miniaturists of whom we know too little, Adélaïde Labille-Guiard, who married the painter François Vincent, himself a remarkable miniaturist, having divorced her first husband, M. Guiard, in 1793.

There is a posthumous portrait of Peter the Great, a fine miniature of the Emperor Paul I., by Hall, painted in 1790, and a remarkable full-length of the Empress Catherine II. by her painter in ordinary, Levitsky, a pupil of Lagrénée, who had settled in Russia in 1754. The Empress stands under a portico, in crown and robes, a naval Port behind her, and points to a statue of Justice, in front of which roses are burning on a tripod. The portrait was probably executed in 1775, the year in which Catherine appointed Levitsky painter to the Smolny Institute, lately founded by her. To him we owe the celebrated portrait of Diderot, painted while he was in Russia, and now in the Geneva Library.

In the constellation of brilliant artists, men and women, who carried the art of miniature to so great a height in the eighteenth century, five shine out pre-eminently; to take them in order of birth, Pierre Adolf Hall, Luc Sicard, François Dumont, Jean-Baptiste Augustin, and Jean-Baptiste Isabey. It is curious that the greatest master of this essentially French art should be a Swede, just as the Italian Bartolozzi was the chief of English engravers. Hall is rightly called the most illustrious miniaturist of the eighteenth century. Born at Stockholm in 1736, he came to Paris in 1760, at the age of twenty-four, and speedily mastered all that Boucher, Boudoin, and others could teach him, adding a lightness, precision, subtlety, and strength of his own which reveal his work among a hundred others. His exquisite portrait of the Comtesse Helffinger, wife of the French Ambassador in Portugal, realised the largest sum yet paid for a miniature, 28,000 francs. In his lifetime his portraits—and he was overwhelmed with work—were paid at a fixed tariff according to their size, from ten to fifty louis d'or. He earned from 20,000 to 30,000 livres a year, and after marrying Mlle. Godin of Versailles became so thoroughly French that he unfortunately refused to accompany Gustavus III. to Sweden, when that monarch came to France in 1784 and had his portrait painted by him. The Revolution ruined Hall, his sitters fled or were guillotined, and he then started for the north, hoping to find work on the way. He died at Liège in 1793 of an attack of apoplexy, at the age of fifty-seven, having known the greatest glory ever attributed to a miniaturist. He is supposed to have painted more than 2,000 portraits between 1769 and 1789, forty-eight of which are collected here.

Luc Sicard, or Sicardi, as he signed himself, was one of the most able and delicate of artists. Born at Avignon in 1746, he became a member of the Bordeaux Academy in 1771, and later became attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris as painter of diplomatic portraits. These were chiefly miniatures of the King, Queen, and Princes for presentation boxes. He received 300 livres for each, the boxes being *ciselé* by Solle. Unlike Hall, Sicard remained in Paris after the Revolution, as the exquisite painting of the two young cousins mentioned above testifies, and died in 1825.

François Dumont (1751-1824) was the eldest of the three illustrious Lorrainers who shed such lustre on their art, the other

two being Augustin and Isabey. Born at Lunéville, and left an orphan with six little brothers and sisters, he started to seek his fortune in Paris at the age of eighteen. He had not long to wait, and in some ten years had reached a position almost of affluence. He went to Rome in 1784 for purposes of study, and on his return became painter to the Court; Louis XVI. giving him a lodging in the Louvre. The vicissitudes of a painter's life in those troubled times must have been considerable; Dumont and his brothers of the brush having painted the royalty and aristocrats of the old *régime*, were fain to paint those who succeeded them. In 1795 we find a portrait by Dumont of Madame de Saint-Just in the costume of Sapho, in 1794 a vigorous portrait of the Vendéen chief La Rochejacquelin, and a *Révolutionnaire* of 1791 in a grey wig, with a very large nose—M. de Damas. The plain cloth coats, the waistcoats, and even the coarse unfrilled linen shirts of these revolutionary personages, by whomsoever painted, are invariably worn open at the chest, as if to permit the wearers to pant more freely for liberty and blood. The fine anonymous but perfectly authentic portrait of Mirabeau is thus bare-chested. Nor must we forget that one of Dumont's colleagues, Puyol de Garan, has left us a portrait of a *Tricoteuse* of 1793, knitting in hand. The conversation between sitter and painter on such occasions, could it have been recorded, would be curious and instructive.

Jean-Baptiste Augustin, born at Saint-Dié in the Vosges in 1759, was a clever, self-taught painter by the time he was nineteen, as the portrait of himself painted before he left his native town testifies. He arrived in Paris in 1781, recording the event by another portrait of himself, and at the time of the Exhibition of 1796 proclaimed himself *élève de la nature et de la méditation*. He kept a list, still extant, of his commissions from 1781 until the fatal year of 1793; they number three hundred and sixty. Augustin was a true descendant of the ancients; intensely conscientious, exquisite in modelling, his enamel portrait of Denon, Director of Museums, recalls the finest works of Fouquet or Clouet. He married, '20 Messidor year VIII. of the Republic one and indivisible' (1804), Madeleine Pauline du Cruet, who became her husband's pupil and almost his equal. Augustin has left us a picture of his last studio, 25 Rue Croix des Petits Champs, and a collection of portraits of his own and his wife's families and his familiar friends. This

interesting record remained in the possession of his heirs, and was only sold this year. Augustin died of cholera in 1832; his wife survived him until 1865.

Like Dumont and Augustin, Isabey, the only French miniaturist whose name is familiar in England, was a native of Lorraine, born at Nancy in 1767, being thus thirty years younger than Hall, and six and eight years respectively the junior of his two fellow country-men. On seeing some boxes painted by him soon after his arrival in Paris, Marie Antoinette installed the young artist at Versailles when he was hardly twenty years old. From that moment to his death under Napoleon III., Isabey lived *en bonne intelligence* with all the different Governments which succeeded each other in France. We have mentioned his drawing of the Dauphin in 1791; in 1811 we have a water-colour of the King of Rome at the age of fifteen days, under a helmet and surrounded with allegorical emblems. It is thus endorsed: 'Fifteen days after the birth of the King of Rome the Emperor ordered me to do his portrait. March, 1811. First portrait.' Signed Isabey.

Napoleon and his family of kings and queens, his generals and his statesmen, were all painted by Isabey; he was the 'peintre attitré' of the former, as he was also of the Allies, of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. He is truly described as the indispensable portraitist of Governments, the 'metteur en scène des fêtes.' His marriage with Mlle. de Salienne took place under the Terror. He was the pupil of David, and his death occurred during the great Exposition of Paris in 1855.

Had Isabey left memoirs or a diary they would be curious reading, and he must have learned strange philosophies as to the value of human greatness. As he painted Marie Antoinette, so did he paint her niece Marie Louise crowned with roses; young women of the Directoire; bare-chested *Révolutionnaires*; Madame de Staël in 1797; and his master, David, in 1789; but his most interesting works are his portraits of Napoleon and Josephine, the Augustus-like head of the young First Consul in 1801; the triumphant conqueror in 1805, and, grown stouter and sterner, the Emperor in 1815. Another portrait is endorsed: 'Given to Isabey at Fontainebleau the day of *Adieu*.' The whole sum of human greatness seems epitomised in these four little pieces of ivory.

We realise the extraordinary beauty of the Buonaparte race, from the handsome shrewd old mother, who, as we see her here, plainly never lost her head, but carefully laid money by in view

of the day when the play would be over, and these kings and queens would come home to her. Pauline, Caroline, and Elisa, loveliest of their sex, are here; Lucien; Jerome, King of Westphalia; Louis, King of Holland. The lithe, creole grace of Josephine appears under the Imperial diadem and mantle, and one of Isabey's finest works is the sketch for a large miniature of the Empress, in a drawing-room by a tall mirror. The date, 1808, perhaps explains why the project was not carried out.

Miniaturists, as a rule, seem to have kept free from politics; one, it is true, Joseph Boze, having appeared as a witness in favour of Marie Antoinette at her trial, became suspect, and was thrown into prison. Robespierre's downfall, on the 9th Thermidor, saved him from death; he had exhibited Mirabeau's and Robespierre's portraits in oil in 1791. At the Restoration Boze was appointed painter to the Royal family. Mouchet, a pupil of Greuze, smitten with a taste for politics, became a member of the Municipality of Paris, and then a *juge de paix*! Thrown into La Force in 1794 as a suspect, he there painted a portrait of himself which he signed, 'Mouchet à la Force.' On his liberation he returned to Gray, his native town, and abjuring politics set up a drawing-school. Pierre Violet, one of Marie Antoinette's painters, emigrated to England, where he made friends with Bartolozzi, who engraved one of his portraits of the Queen.

An indifferent painter, Sambat, owes the presence of one of his poor miniatures in this collection of masterpieces to the fact that he left a book of notes of all his work day by day, from his return from England in 1790 until 1817. He was a friend of Fabre d'Eglantine, and one of the clan of political artists who followed David. He carefully notes all the great events of the revolutionary epoch, adding comments of pleasure or disgust as they responded or no to his aspirations. Sambat kept to the revolutionary calendar until his death in 1827, though he consented to paint the personages of the Restoration. This precious note-book is exhibited here with one of his miniatures.

If for obvious reasons many of the aristocratic portraits of the reign of Louis XVI. have come to us nameless, this has not been the case with the actors and actresses, the painters, singers, and sculptors. No danger lurked in their names, when to utter that of a *ci-devant* might mean imprisonment, possibly death. The charming actress, Louise Comtat, who is twice represented here, was, it is true, only saved from death by the fall of Robespierre,

her crime being that she had once learned a part in twenty-four hours to please the Queen, and remarked, in answer to the royal thanks, that she now knew the seat of memory lay in the heart, and not in the head. An interesting galaxy of wit and talent is here—Sophie Arnould, queen of music and of wit; Vincent; Boucher; Louis David, Isabey's master; Mlle. Gely, second wife of Danton; Madame Vigée le Brun; Madame du Châtelet; the actors Mandini and La Rive; Houdon the sculptor; Pajou, 'sculptor to the King and Citizen of Paris,' painted by Sicard in 1789; Madame Favart, the celebrated actress of 1765; Mlle. Colombo, of the Italian Comedy; and even Marie Antoinette's equally celebrated milliner, Rose Bertin. All their vivid, clever faces, in their habits as they lived, have been preserved in speaking likeness from their day to ours.

When we descend again into the streets of Paris in this fair May sunshine, meeting at every corner the pickets of blue-coated, red-trousered soldiers protecting the workmen who have defied the orders of the strikers; as we look with astonishment at a troop of Cuirassiers drawn up in front of the fashionable Church of St. Philippe du Roule to protect a wedding party from the mob, we may ask ourselves if the ferment of 1789 is not working still, and wonder what it may do next. Now, as in those days, the populace of Paris looks on, half-frightened, half-amused, and wholly curious, trusting above all things in the *grande muette*, the army.

MARTIN HAILE.

THE BATHER.

STILL is the lake ; in lucent air
 Serene o'er its own shadow bowed,
 The wet hill hangs, as faintly fair
 And unsubstantial as a cloud.
 Still is the lake ; clear skies to-day
 Succeed the rains of yester-night ;
 The dark flood-waters idly play
 With shadowed hill, with misty light.
 No single sound breaks in ; I hear
 The breath, it seems, of living earth ;
 Near things seem far, and far things near,
 Like visions of celestial birth.
 Secure in such still solitude
 The wild fowl dot the distant bay,
 And seagulls that of late pursued
 Through restless seas their hard-won prey,
 In this deep inland calm take tithe
 Of easy spoil.

Here as I pass

A mower cuts with old-world scythe
 Slow-falling swaths of sedgy grass,
 Whose yellowing fringe sweeps close about
 The wrinkled bank, where level lake
 And meadow-flat wind in and out
 And mimic bays and headlands make :—
 Sole figure in this lonely space
 He swings and pauses, turns and swings,
 Nor heeds the glory of the place,
 Nor of these far, uplifting things,
 Man's heritage, claims any share.

One long field, by sweet runnels fed,
 That in the South mere ditches were,
 But here spired plantain rears its head
 And grey-eyed yarrow's silvery lip
 Smiles norland welcome :—Last, a row

Of screening alders ; there I strip
And barefoot through soft grasses go
Where Derwent, curving to the mere,
Swift in his seeming stillness slides,
A moving mirror, darkly clear,
Deep-pooled beneath his hanging sides.

Poised for the plunge, erect I take
The benison of the sun : I see
The toil-bound mower by the lake
Still swing his scythe, but I am free.
I poise, I plunge :—the mirrored hills
Rise up to meet me as I leap.
How the cool stream my body thrills,
Silken and soft and fresh as sleep !

LEONARD HUXLEY.

AT MONTMIRAIL IN 1814.

A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE following pages are the literal translation (a few unimportant omissions excepted) of an account written by my French grandmother of her experiences during the invasion of France by the allied armies of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, three months after the defeat of Napoleon at Leipsic, in October 1813. Though as a child I frequently listened with breathless interest to the main incidents of the narrative from my grandmother's own lips, neither I nor any of the younger members of the family knew that a written account existed. The MS. was accidentally discovered a few months since, among some other family papers, and it was thought the artless yet terrible document might interest a wider circle of readers than that of its writer's grandchildren. It was evidently penned while she was still quite young (she was born in 1800), and under the vivid impression of the events recorded. Indeed, it almost bears the marks of having been set her as an exercise, for there are two MSS., one being an unfinished fair copy of the other, and containing many corrections of slips in orthography and composition. The *naïveté* of the narrative bears forcible witness to the youth and innocence of the girl-writer, who at an age when the sheltered daughters of our own time and country have hardly realised that evil exists, had passed through perils the mere thought of which makes the blood run cold.

The battle of Montmirail to which reference is made was one of considerable importance, being the second of four victories won by Napoleon on four consecutive days of February 1814.¹ The campaign to which they belong, and which was to prove so disastrous to Napoleon, opened in January 1814, and closed in March of the same year. During a bitterly cold winter, north-eastern France was at the mercy of the allied troops, and those

¹ Champaubert on the 10th, Montmirail on the 11th, Châteaufort on the 12th, and Vauchamp on the 13th. It has been said that these victories were a feat of generalship unsurpassed, even if equalled, by any former successes. Yet in their ultimate results they effected little, for it was but three months later that Napoleon found himself compelled to abdicate.

readers who can recall the graphic descriptions in Erckmann-Chatrian's novels 'L'Invasion' and 'Le Siège de Phalsbourg,' of the horrible sufferings endured by the inhabitants, will find them fully equalled by this account at first hand of what was a veritable reign of terror. The dreaded Cossacks, hovering on the flanks of the main Russian advance, were marauding in turn many of the villages and small towns contained in the area between the Marne, the Aube, and the Seine, which was the scene of the campaign; and the cruelty they displayed is almost beyond belief. How any of the women and children survived the treatment to which they were subjected is far more surprising than that numbers perished under it, and others lost their reason.

My grandmother at the time of the invasion was living with an uncle and aunt in Montmirail itself, and the former is a prominent figure in his niece's record. He held a small official position (*secrétaire de la Mairie*), and apparently in the absence of his chief, of whom no mention is made, strove his utmost, as did his brave wife, to avert the sack of the town. They saved it from being burned, but they could not save its inhabitants from pillage, slaughter, and unspeakable maltreatment, nor themselves and their children and dependents from cruel suffering. It is time, however, to let the narrative speak for itself. It plunges in *medias res*, but the foregoing remarks will, it is hoped, enable the reader to follow it without difficulty.

I am going to narrate what I witnessed myself.

One morning I saw my uncle and aunt looking very sad, so I asked them what was the matter. 'My poor child,' said my uncle, 'don't you see those regiments in the square just before our windows? They are Russian.'

'Will they hurt us?'

'I hope not, they are disciplined troops.'

My uncle allotted the neighbouring château to the headquarters staff, and the same evening we were told that the French were close at hand, and that the whole staff, Russian and Prussian,¹ would be taken. But a Frenchman, who said he belonged to the neighbourhood, warned the enemy that the French were at Montléon, about ten minutes' distance. On hearing this, the Russians

¹ The Russian and Prussian troops were under the command of the famous Blücher.

fled in disorder, and their place was immediately occupied by the Emperor. All the inhabitants of the town were cursing the traitor, the general opinion being that had the Russian headquarters staff been taken, the Emperor could have made peace on honourable conditions. Instead he passed through the town with his guard the next day, and fought the famous battle of Montmirail, February 11, 1814, which took place on the road to Paris, on a height called Marchais. From that day the town was at the mercy of the Cossacks, for though the French often came back, as they went out of one gate the Cossacks returned by the other, and after the battle of Vauchamp on February 14, we were given over to pillage, indeed I might say to fire and blood. When the French came, the inhabitants had to find forage and provisions at a moment's notice, but to their despair the soldiers before leaving destroyed what they could not consume, so as to reduce the Cossacks by famine. Then the Cossacks in their turn demanded food which at last it was impossible to give them, since we ourselves were living on boiled peas and oats. Atrocities were committed even by the wounded who filled the houses. One afternoon [probably that of the battle of Montmirail], shells fell frequently in the town. One of the French soldiers posted in front of our house had had a present of a bottle of wine, and put it between his knees to uncork. A cannon-ball carried off the bottom of the bottle, and he held up the neck to show us, exclaiming, 'That's a new way of uncorking wine, only I haven't got a drop left,' and he threw away the neck, adding with a laugh, 'I've had a fine escape.' So had we. Fortunately the cannon-ball buried itself under a hard slab of stone outside the door of the Mairie.

Then the wounded began to arrive from all sides, more or less severely injured. Surgeons came too, armed with saws and kitchen-knives. The house facing ours was crammed with wounded, and the surgeons began cutting off arms and legs, and binding up heads and faces. Next day we saw carts draw up under the windows, and dead bodies, arms and legs were pitched into them. Great holes were dug, and the remains were buried with quicklime for fear of the plague. French, Russians, and Cossacks all met with the same fate. But the most terrible thing was the evacuation of the hospitals, or rather of the houses so used, for in terror of being made prisoners the wretched patients managed to drag themselves to the carts. Their cries were frightful. I seem to hear them still. Some had been shot twenty-two and even

twenty-four times, and one was begging as a favour that he might be put to death.

Two or three days after this when my uncle and aunt were not in the house, a neighbour came to tell us that the Cossacks had cut the cords of the buckets at the wells, and meant to set fire to the town, and put to the sword every creature that crossed their path. I was alone; what was to be done? 'My God, take pity on these four little children [her cousins] and myself!' The eldest was eight years old, the next six, the next four, and there was a baby girl of about a year or fifteen months old. As soon as I had thus commended myself to the Almighty, I remembered that by a garden way I could escape to the house of a cousin of my aunt's, a married man. The great difficulty was how to get over our own garden wall. A ladder? A chair? All such things had been burned long ago. I told the eldest child to climb up by putting his feet first on my hands, and then on my shoulders, and he managed to hoist himself to the top of the wall. I then held out to him in turn the baby girl, and the child of four. The one who was six years old climbed up in the same way as the eldest. Last, I wriggled up myself as best I could. People said afterwards that I must belong to the race of cats, the thing seemed so impossible. Arrived at the cousin's house, he and his wife received us with open arms: 'Poor children, what a mercy you have come! They are threatening to burn the town. Where are your uncle and aunt?' 'I don't know.' 'Never mind, we must go. The Cossacks are pillaging two doors below ours.'

In the hope of finding my uncle and aunt, I proposed that we should try to get to a convent school, where the eldest sister of my little cousins had been placed. The school was at Montléon, and we could reach it by passing through the park of the château, and thence through the fields. So great was the general terror that a young woman, who had an infant only five or six days old, insisted on accompanying us. Her husband, a gardener at the château, had the key of a little door leading through the wall into the park. Unfortunately they carried a basket containing a few little necessities for their infant, and just as we were leaving the house, a Cossack, catching sight of the basket, gave the alarm, imagining we had valuables. Two Cossacks started in pursuit; but as they turned to reach their lances, we were able to escape round the corner of the street, and thus gain two or three minutes. We found several other persons at the door, who had hoped it would be

unlocked. Hardly were we all on the other side when one of the Cossacks, standing on the shoulders of his comrade, showed his head and then his hand armed with a pistol above the wall. Perceiving the danger, I stood with the children exactly below him, knowing he could not see, still less aim at us on account of the great thickness of the wall. The grown-up people in their fright began running here and there, and the Cossack shot at the man with the basket. The pistol missed fire, which made the Cossack furious. While he and the man were threatening each other, I crept along under the wall and reached the bottom of the garden, for the little door by which we had entered opened into the walled *conciergerie* garden instead of the park as we had supposed. I raised myself on tip-toe, and looking over, found that on the other side of the wall there was a heap of dead leaves. I threw my little cousins, one after the other, down on this heap. My companions called out, 'Wretched girl, you will kill them!' but I only laughed. 'She is out of her mind!' 'Not at all,' I said, 'follow me.' And without hesitation I jumped down in my turn. Seeing we were unhurt, they all hastened to follow us just like a flock of sheep.

Hardly were we out of one danger than we fell into another, for as we were going through the park towards the school, and just as we came in front of the *château*, we heard piercing shrieks and the gallop of horses. We could not go further at peril of our lives. There was a general *saue qui peut*, but one man, more humane than the rest, turned back at my entreaties, 'Save the children!' He opened his arms, and the three boys jumped into them one after the other,¹ but the man seemed afraid to receive the baby girl and myself in the same fashion. As he was hesitating, I sat down on the edge of the rampart, and let myself go with my dear little one. To my astonishment, the stone on which I was sitting detached itself, and instead of crushing us under its weight, actually bore us down in safety. I thanked God who had thus saved us.

We had reached the fields, but as we were nearing our destination we met a peasant who told us that the convent and school were being pillaged, and the inmates murdered by the Cossacks. It turned out afterwards, however, that the nuns and their pupils had only been robbed and terrified. Nevertheless, piercing screams reached us, and I thought my poor cousin must be killed.

¹ The narrative here is a little difficult to follow, but apparently the refugees had somehow arrived on the ramparts of the town, and the children were thrown or jumped off the wall into the arms of their rescuer.

We decided to make for a neighbouring wood. The little boy of four years old refused to walk any further, and had to be carried. Our companions now declined to stay with us, saying, 'We cannot save the children, and remaining behind means certain death.' I, running, crying and praying all at once, felt I was falling behind. My aunt's cousin, who was carrying the little boy, promised to stay with us. This, and seeing the wood near, gave me fresh courage. I was barefooted, my shoes having fallen off when I jumped from the ramparts. Added to all this, we had had no food since the early morning and were very hungry.

At last we reached the wood where we found the rest of the party. We went further in, hoping in vain to find water. The same man who had come to our rescue before was carrying a young child, half dead like my own baby-cousin with hunger and thirst. He had a little hard dry bread, and gave me a morsel. We both set to work chewing at our bread, so as to give the children a little moist food, and keep them from crying. We knew there must be Cossacks near, and despite our precautions, they soon surrounded the part of the wood in which we had sheltered, and let off a few shots. One bullet passed so close to my ear that its hiss made me jump and cry out, 'I am killed.' We were obliged to leave the wood, and the first thing I saw was a man being dragged along by a horse. He seemed to be tied to its tail. I do not know what became of him. Most likely he was killed.

Night was drawing on and we knew not where to go. At last, we saw a wretched hut inhabited by a poor forgotten old woman. She could only give us water, and a little bread for the children. As her cow had been stolen, she let us take refuge in its stall, and fortunate indeed we were, for the cold was intense, and the children, even perhaps the grown-up people, would have been unable to withstand it, especially as we had eaten nothing all day and supped off a glass of water. In spite of fear and hunger we were soon asleep being overwhelmed with fatigue, and numb with cold. The men kept watch, and in the middle of the night gave the alarm, 'Cossacks! Cossacks!'

We were up in a moment, and indeed there were Cossacks already dismounting. Suddenly a distant noise alarmed them; they went off faster than they had come, and we breathed again.

At last daylight came, and with it intense hunger. The old woman who had sheltered us advised us to make for a certain château, far from any high road. She pointed out a little

cross-country path, which she said led to it, and so it did, but in the same way that all roads lead to Rome. The day was far advanced when we first caught a glimpse of our destination, as yet undiscovered by the Cossacks. We were utterly exhausted, but the sight of a refuge where food could be had revived us, for hunger had put every other idea out of our heads. We had even seen Cossacks without being frightened. Death seemed a trifle in comparison with our sufferings. As for me, I was bareheaded and barefooted, I had torn my dress in the wood, my arms and legs were scratched, and owing to the cold, my bleeding feet caused me dreadful pain. Once I had been caught by the hair in a bramble, but had run on leaving some of my hair behind, and the bare place on my head hurt me greatly. The children were suffering from frostbite, and crying bitterly.

At last we reached the château and were taken into the great kitchen where we were sorted, some of us being sent to the living rooms, and others remaining in the offices. I was in a miserable plight, and the screams of the children redoubled as the warmth increased the pain they felt. Two or three insolent maid-servants said such creatures had better go to the old woman who kept the pigs. Without a thought of pity for the poor little baby of fifteen months, we were taken across the courtyard to her hut, and she was told to give us something to eat. She was a kind old woman, and both she and her dwelling were scrupulously clean. She made up a big fire and gave us some bread and apples while the soup was cooking. The children had left off crying, but I could not, and the kind woman tried to comfort me.

‘Do not cry so, my dear child. I will take great care of you all.’

‘Indeed, Madame, I am sure you will; you are very good. But I am crying about my uncle and aunt. If they are killed, what can I do all alone with these children? People are already rough with us.’

She asked me my name. I told her, and she gave an exclamation of surprise.

‘What! are you the niece of that brave gentleman, and are these his children? He saved the town and the château at the risk of his life. You here! Why, my dear young lady, your uncle is here too with our master! I must run and tell them the good news. They have been searching for you everywhere!’ And she rushed off to the château.

Oh, my kind, good uncle! I was going to see him again! I was so happy that I had already half forgotten my sufferings. One of the servants came running to fetch us, and tried to excuse her former rudeness by blaming me for not saying who I was.

My uncle was dreadfully agitated, and when he saw our pitiable condition, burst into tears. I told him all our adventures and begged to hear his. He said the pillage had gone on, that the wounded were the worst thieves of all, and that one of them, who was so badly injured he could only crawl, was taking the last bit of food out of our house, when a gentleman standing near, who was unfortunately wearing a great-coat exactly like my uncle's, gave him a thrust with his foot. The man, infuriated, complained to a Russian officer that an attempt had been made on his life. In the meanwhile, my uncle had gone to the château. The screams we had heard were those of the old housekeeper. The Cossack officers, having got thoroughly drunk, ordered her to fetch some young girls to amuse them, and on her refusal threatened to roast her before a slow fire. My uncle and one of their own superior officers, whom he had persuaded to accompany him, arrived just in time. The poor woman's feet were already slightly burned.

Order re-established, my uncle returned to the Mairie, of which our house formed part. He found a Cossack carrying off our two last blankets, and a tussle took place between him and the soldier, one of whose comrades took my uncle's part. Just as he was handing the blankets back, a pistol went off and the poor man fell dead. My uncle was arrested, marched into the middle of the square, and sentenced by a young officer in command to fifty strokes of the knout for having beaten a Cossack. My uncle declared he had done no such thing; but the Cossack who had accused him swore it was true, that he recognised him by his overcoat, and had been kicked by him. My uncle again declared his innocence, but without effect. Then, turning to the young officer, he said, 'You are very young, and in a strange country. It may be you will yet have need of my services.' The officer laughed at him, and ordered the sentence to be carried out.

Some time afterwards my uncle saved the life of this very man. I was present when in his turn he pleaded for mercy. My uncle, after showing him the marks of the knout, said, 'I will show you how a Frenchman avenges himself,' and he had the young man conveyed to a place of safety. He was loud in protestations of gratitude, but we never heard of him again.

After my uncle had received the strokes, he went to the *presbytère*

to have his back dressed. It was raw and very swollen, and he fainted with the pain. As soon as he came round, he was told that the Cossacks were quite determined to kill him, and so he took refuge in the château where we found him. He did not know where my aunt was, and was in the greatest anxiety about her. We stayed with him some days, and he then sent us away with our former companions, as at any moment he might be compelled to flee for his life. We said good-bye with many tears, and spent the first night at a mill where we were kindly received, and heard terrible accounts of the crimes committed by the Cossacks. One example told by an eye-witness will suffice. After having ill-treated a woman, they made her stand on a heap of gunpowder and fired it; she was blown to pieces.

We stayed a few days at the mill, and by a most fortunate chance my aunt discovered us. She said we must not return to our own house which was without doors or windows, and where we should not be safe. She took us instead to her cousin's which had escaped pillage, and on the way told us that when she heard the town was to be burned, she went at the head of a few other women as brave and resolute as herself to the Russian commanding officer, and begged for a reprieve which with great difficulty she obtained, and since then had been looking everywhere for us. As soon as she had placed us in safety and scraped together a few provisions, she went in search of my uncle. While she was gone I tried to wash our few poor rags in the river which was frozen, so I had to break the ice before beginning, and my eldest cousin kept watch in case the Cossacks should take us by surprise. I came back to the house so ill with sore throat that they put leeches on and forbade me to go out. The very same day we had to take flight again, and were for weeks in the woods, sometimes sleeping out of doors, sometimes under cover, hardly ever in bed. The sore throat had to cure itself as best it could, but what made me suffer most was having no change of linen, and no water to wash with, for we were certainly not clean.

At last peace was signed, and we went back to the town. The streets were encumbered with the carcases of cows and horses, and the scattered oats, wheat, and barley were sprouting all over the place. Horses dying of hunger were wandering about on every road. The houses were half in ruins and completely devastated. Our dining-room had been turned into a stable and the garden into a slaughter yard. The whole house stank. We had again to take refuge with

the cousin, and for a long while. No workmen were to be had. Some were dead, others had not returned. In this one small town it was computed that four of the inhabitants perished daily, either from their frightful sufferings or killed on the spot. Whole families had disappeared.

During all this terrible time my uncle remained at his post, and it was due to his and my aunt's courage and energy that the town was not utterly destroyed. I will give one instance of their resource.¹

An alarm was given that the Cossacks were coming in force. One of my aunt's relatives took a drum and beat the assembly. My uncle hastened to the wounded French soldiers, and ordered those who knew how to serve a cannon to follow my aunt to the ramparts, while he was getting vehicles together. The poor wretches were so weak and ill that not one of them had strength to fire the cannon. My aunt took the fuse and did it herself, and succeeded in dispersing the Cossacks for the moment. Then she and my uncle managed to spike the cannon, and though the Cossacks returned before long in greater numbers, the wounded had time to get away, blessing my uncle and aunt as their deliverers, and thanking the latter with tears running down their cheeks.

The worst sufferers in this terrible time were the unfortunate women whom the Cossacks forced to go with them as guides. I myself saw one of these marching at the head of a regiment, and being hit with the butt-end of a musket to make her go faster. Fear and ill-treatment drove her mad for the rest of her life. In our own street three women lost their reason in consequence of ill-treatment, and two of my young friends died from the same cause.

[Here the MS. comes somewhat abruptly to an end. One might almost think the narration of such horrors proved too much for the young scribe, and she was unable to continue. The entire absence of self-consciousness with which her own adventures are told, as though it were the most natural thing in the world that she should risk her life over and over again to save her little cousins, is a note of true heroism, and probably all readers will agree that in courage and resource she was fully equal to the uncle and aunt whom she evidently admired with all her child's heart.]

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.

¹ Probably this occurrence should have found a place earlier in the narrative, but I give it as it is placed in the MS.

RUSKIN IN VENICE.

BY COUNT ALVISE ZORZI.

I.

'I AM in truth a foster-child of Venice; she has taught me all that I have rightly learned of the arts which are my joy. The happiest days of my life are those I have spent and that I spend in this city—the most beautiful and beloved in the world.' So said Ruskin to me at the end of 1876. Afterwards he wrote me the same words that I might publish them. At this time he was occupied in completing 'St. Mark's Rest,' his last prose poem on my native city, which was also his by election, for he had understood her as no stranger had ever understood her before, had divined and revealed the most hidden recesses of her genius; she had been his nurse and mistress in the arts, and he was her champion against the misrepresentations which distorted the marvellous history of her art and her life throughout the centuries.

Profoundly touched and grateful for those expressions, I said then to my fellow-citizens: 'Ruskin, English by birth, Venetian in heart, like an ancient patrician and therefore more Venetian than the Venetian of to-day—Ruskin has a true right of Venetian citizenship because few of the sons of Venice love this native land of ours as he loves it, and for thirty years since that youthful visit which awakened his love, has studied the city and written of it and pictured it.'

More than a quarter of a century has passed since I uttered those words, and I am grateful to the Editor of the CORNHILL, who, addressing me as the friend of the great Apostle of Beauty, has now invited me to break the long silence and write about Ruskin in Venice.

I cannot draw upon my personal knowledge for details of the earlier visits made—some before I was born, others when I was a boy, or a young man, still unknown to him as he was to me. Fortunately, he has told the story himself in 'Præterita' and 'Dilecta,' and therefore I may be permitted to touch very briefly on these

earlier sojourns in order to speak more fully of the time, in 1876 and 1877, when for many months it was my good fortune to be in almost daily contact with him, and when I was able to appreciate the beauty of his character, and learned to esteem and love and reverence him beyond all expression. His fellow-countrymen will probably be glad to know more of him in this period than they can learn from the records which in his modesty he himself has left.

It is a source of pride and joy to me that I must of necessity speak of myself in connection with his revered personality, and I am grateful to Providence that in what refers to Venice my humble name should even for a short time be linked with the great name of John Ruskin. In writing what is set down here I do but discharge, however feebly, a debt of gratitude, and give expression to an affection which only becomes more intense as the hour draws near when I shall see him again.

It is impossible to form a just idea of the impression made on Ruskin when, in 1835, at the age of sixteen, his parents first brought him to Venice. The Rev. Alexander Robertson is right in saying that 'On his very first visit the boy showed himself the father of the man, for he then deliberately announced to his father and mother that he meant to make such a drawing of the Ducal Palace as had never been made before, and this he proceeded to perform by collecting some hasty memoranda on the spot, and finishing the design elaborately out of his head at Treviso.'

It was indeed but natural that the most beautiful palace in the world should, beyond any other thing, impress in the bright dawn of his youth the most beautiful æsthetic genius the world has known. Ruskin remained ever faithful to this first impression and developed it in almost all his works, either explicitly or by allusions.

Both these orders of form, as, I think, nearly every other source of power and beauty, are marvellously united in that building, which I fear to weary the reader by bringing forward too frequently, as a model of all perfection.

So he wrote thirty-three years after in the 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' crushing that poor Mr. Wood who was as incapable of appreciating and enjoying the colour of St. Mark's as of understanding the majesty of the Ducal Palace.

As his studies at Oxford had told on a constitution never robust, Mr. Ruskin returned to Italy with his parents in 1841. After a

winter in the south, from which he did not derive much physical benefit, he writes :

My own discouragement was great, and the first cautious journeyings back by Terni and Foligno were sad enough. . . . As we drew northward, however, out of the volcanic country, I recovered heart, the enchanted world of Venice enlarging in front of me. I had only yet once seen her, and that six years ago, when still a child. That the fairy tale should come true now seemed wholly incredible, and the start from the gate of Padua in the morning,—Venice, asserted by people whom we could not but believe to be really over there on the horizon in the sea! Now to tell the feeling of it! . . . The two chapters closing the first and beginning the second volume of the 'Stones of Venice' . . . do not attempt to recall my own joys of 1835 and 1841, when there was not even the beginning of the railway bridge, when everything, muddy Brenta, vulgar villa, dusty causeway, sandy beach, was equally rich in rapture on the morning that brought us in sight of Venice; and the black knot of gondolas in the canal of Mestre, more beautiful to me than a sunrise full of clouds all scarlet and gold. . . . Thank God I am here; it is the Paradise of Cities.

He was a man now, and in him Venice received her greatest interpreter. If, after seeing so many other cities on God's earth, all, whether built among the mountains, or in the plains, or in sight of the sea, resembling each other more or less—if on his first visit he was so ineffably transported—on this second visit Ruskin, a nature apart, like every great artist and poet, was more than ever enraptured when he saw rising out of the waves the city which, according to the poet Sannazzaro, Neptune declared to have been built by the gods, and not, like Rome, by mere men.¹ The city of miracles it may indeed be called, where, alone of all peoples in history, the Venetians were compelled in every age to create the very soil on which they built their houses. Here, enshrined in stone, embodied in colour, were the faith and the story which were his to study and to reveal to the world, and seeing it all once more, he repeated to himself 'The Paradise of Cities!' 'Oh! my young friend,' he once said to me, remembering after many years those impressions of his, 'of all the happy and ardent days which, in my earlier life, it was granted me to spend in this holy land of Italy, none were so precious as those which I used to pass in the bright recess of your Piazzetta, by the pillars of Acre—looking sometimes to the glimmering

¹ *Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare Urbem et toto ponere jura Mari.
Hinc mihi Tarpejas quantumvis Jupiter arces
Objice et illa mihi mœnia Martis, ait.
Si terram Pelagos præfers, Urbem adspice utramque:
Illam homines, dices, hanc posuisse Deos.—Sannazzaro.*

mosaics in the vaults of the church; sometimes to the square, thinking of its immortal memories; sometimes to the Palace and to the sea. No such scene existed elsewhere in Europe—in the world. So bright, so magically visionary—a temple radiant as the flowers of nature, venerable and enduring as her rocks, arched above the rugged pillars which then stood simply on the marble pavement where the triumphant Venetian conquerors had set them.'

When in my enthusiasm I interrupted him, saying that whoever lacked the intuition of Venice, the Paradise of artists, was indeed unhappy, he added: 'A Paradise, not for the artist alone, but for all those who see God's inspiration in man's handiwork.' To-day I say that whoever fails to understand Venice as Ruskin revealed her is more than ever to be pitied.

It was after a stay at Chamounix that Ruskin returned to Venice in 1845 with his friend J. D. Harding, the artist, who had joined him in the autumn at Baveno, where 'we made fraternal arrangement for an elysian fortnight floating round Isola Bella; and then we travelled from Baveno to Arona, and from Arona to Como, and from Como to Bergamo, and from Bergamo to Brescia, and from Brescia to Venice, and settled at the Hotel Danieli.' For the first weeks they had no thought of anything but the market and the fishing-boats, and effects of light on the city and the sea.

About this time Ruskin's attention had been called by various friends to the original experiments of Daguerre, but he took little interest in the matter until, as he says:

Now at Venice I found a French artist producing exquisitely bright small plates (about four inches square), which contained under a lens the Grand Canal or St. Mark's Place, as if a magician had reduced the reality to be carried away into an enchanted land. The little gems of pictures cost a napoleon each; but with two hundred francs I bought the Grand Canal from the Salute to the Rialto.

He describes how his days were filled:

Every morning at six by the Piazza clock we moored, Harding and I, among the boats in the fruit market; then after eight o'clock breakfast he went on his own quest of full subjects, and I to the Scuola di San Rocco, or wherever else in Venice there were Tintorets. In the afternoon we lashed our gondola to the stern of a fishing-boat, sailing as wind served, within or outside the Lido, and sketching the boat and her sails in their varied action, or Venice, as she shone far away beyond her islands. Back to Danieli's for six o'clock *table d'hôte*; where after we had got a bit of fish and fillet of anything, the September days were yet long enough for a sunset walk.

They were joined at the Hotel Danieli by Mr. Boxall, R.A., and by Mrs. Jameson, who came to Venice to complete her notes on Venetian legends. In the evening walks

the four of us were usually together: Boxall, Harding and I extremely embarrassing Mrs. Jameson by looking at everything from our pertinaciously disparate points of view. Mrs. Jameson was absolutely without knowledge or instinct of painting.

Ruskin was left by his friends still counting and describing the Tintorets in Venice, besides trying to copy the 'Adoration of the Magi' on four sheets of brown paper. Things had gone well as long as Harding took him out to sea every afternoon; but when left alone painting the Madonna and Magi in the morning, and the rest of the day peering into the shadowy corners of chapel and sacristy, of palace corridor and every narrow street paved with water, his strength began to fail fast. His faithful Couttet grew anxious, and looking gravely in his eyes, said to him, '*Ça ne va pas bien—vous ne le sentez pas à présent, mais vous le sentirez après.*' Thereupon he packed up his colours and books for a rapid run home, but the day after leaving Venice he was laid up at Padua with a sharp fever.

Yet Venice was happy in his stay that autumn. If the porter of San Rocco had not opened to him the morning when he went with Harding to visit that sanctuary of Tintoretto, 'I should,' he says, 'have written the "Stones of Chamounix" instead of the "Stones of Venice."' Here was the starting-point of his whole career; from studying the schools of painting which crowned the power and perished in the fall of Venice, he was impelled to the history of the city herself, and thence to general reflections upon the laws of national strength and virtue.

In those days, then, he conceived and gathered material for his works, which absorbed all the faculties of his soul, so that when, as an old man, in the 'Hortus Inclusus,' he says of eternal life: 'It is only so far as I lose hold of that hope that anything is ever a trial to me,' he adds, 'but I can't think how I'm to get on in a world with no Venice in it.'

In 1849 he returned to Venice with his wife, and he was again here in 1851 and 1852. In a letter written in September 1851 to his father, he expressed his satisfaction with the house in which he spent several months. It was the Gothic Palazzo Swift, at Santa Maria Zobenigo, where he had eight rooms and a kitchen looking

on the Grand Canal, for which he paid what he considered the astonishingly modest price of 17*l.* a month.

It was in the year 1851 that he wrote the first volume of the 'Stones of Venice.' Except for the last chapters, the whole of this and volumes two and three were finished at the end of 1852. To him, as to no other, Venice unfolded the mystery of her artistic development at a time when destruction and reconstruction were rampant; when Napoleonic vandalism was comparatively recent and still found champions to defend it, and even to declare that the Napoleonic genius had been a benefit to Venice.

Ruskin compared the new structures with the old, which, though damaged, were still standing, and over against the ruinous spirit which was destroying history along with art he set the genius for creation and conservation of the old Venetians, who had sought to eternalise their history in stone. The more he studied, the more he loved the works of art whose existence was threatened, just as those who are dear to us become all the dearer when we know or fear that their end is approaching.

At that time, although the vandalism which followed the fall of the Republic was still active—yet due to ignorance rather than to malice—artistic Venice could still inspire much more feeling than in later years, when the damage done by would-be restorers, the mercenary spirit of speculators, and the demolition of many buildings have robbed this city of so much that rendered it interesting and unique.

Mr. Ruskin's fine nature, the education he had received from his mother, and above all his own innate perception of the sublime and the spiritual, made him seek in the venerable buildings that remained the political, the civil and the religious ideals which had inspired and directed the creative genius of the old Venetians. What he learnt he proclaimed in his books as a tribute of gratitude to the adopted mother who had nourished and educated him. Not only in the 'Stones of Venice,' but in almost every other work, if he did not write exclusively of Venice he found occasion to mention her, now with enthusiasm and now with tenderness; to set her up as a model and claim for her the highest merits of wisdom, virtue, and beauty against the shortsightedness of some and the stupidity of others. As Dr. Robertson says, 'Others since Ruskin may have gone further than he in certain lines of study, but he it was who gave them their first impulse, who first opened the book to the world. Italians speak of *pietre morte* and *pietre vive* (dead stones

and living stones); Mr. Ruskin has made the dead stones of Venice to be living ones.'

Ruskin has been accused of being obstinate and restive under opposition; but I never found him so, in spite of the fact that we disagreed on many points. In this connection I quote with pleasure a passage from the preface to the book entitled '*Monumenti per servire alla Storia del Palazzo Ducale di Venezia: Atti pubblici da 1253 a 1600*,' by Giambattista Lorenzi, where the author, addressing his Mæcenas, Ruskin, says:

The slightest hint of the work I was doing . . . was sufficient to make you—with an act of rare generosity—furnish the sum necessary for the publication of this book; and declare, at the same time, that you were glad for it to be published, even if it overthrew all the opinions in relation to the Ducal Palace which you had expressed with so much judgment and philosophy in your learned work, the '*Stones of Venice*.'

In 1857 Ruskin came again to Venice with his wife; and twelve years later, in 1869, he paid three short visits from Verona, accompanied by his servant Crawley. Commendatore Nicolò Barozzi saw him one morning in 1869 at Verona, deep in study of the Arco Borsari. In the course of conversation Barozzi begged him to have the '*Stones of Venice*' translated into Italian. Mr. Ruskin replied that for the present he was occupied with a new edition, and that he would consider the question of a translation. He added that if he could rewrite the '*Stones of Venice*' he would change many things in it. However that might have been, he would assuredly not have modified his strange ideas and bitter criticism of Venetian art after the fifteenth century: ideas which he repeated in '*St. Mark's Rest*' (1877), and about which we never agreed. Two hours after, Barozzi found him in the very same spot, and seeing that he was likely to remain there for hours yet, he left him. In 1871 Ruskin was once more in Venice with Mrs. Williard and her daughter, J. W. Severn (Joan Agnew), and Crawley. In 1872 he paid another visit with Mr. and Mrs. Severn, Mrs. Williard and her daughter, Mr. A. Goodwin, and Crawley, who was still in his service.

The Imperial and Royal Academy of Fine Arts was certainly the one place where it ought to have been easy, nay obligatory, for young students to study the evolution of art in Venice and the best books on the subject. Nevertheless, when at the age of thirteen I first went there to begin my art studies, in 1859—six years after the publication of the '*Stones of Venice*,'—Ruskin was still unknown.

When I think things over, it must be confessed that those worthy Imperial and Royal professors of forty-six years ago—enthusiastic disciples of Canova—were the very antipodes of Mr. Ruskin in matters of art. It was more than fifteen years later (March 20, 1873) that through the efforts of the excellent Signor Giovanni Battista Cecchini, the then secretary, the Academicians determined to nominate the English writer one of their honorary members. The nomination, however, as we shall see, was not communicated to Mr. Ruskin immediately; bureaucracy is never in too great a hurry, and is always inclined to take the snail for its model.

From my Diary, 1873-77.

In this last year (1873) Mrs. Margaret West, a very cultured lady and a clever painter, was attending the Academy where I sometimes went to make a study. She honoured me with her friendship, and after speaking to me often of Mr. Ruskin's works on Venice, advised me to learn English in order to read them. She furthermore suggested that I should send the author some sketches of the storied columns of the Tribune of the high altar of the Basilica of St. Mark's, and of other pieces of sculpture there, dating from before the year 1000, which I had contributed to a work entitled 'L' Arte Cristiana,' by R. P. Garucci; and also some of my notes made from time to time, and the programme I had drawn up for an illustrated work on Artistic Venice, from its foundation down to 1870. In this book I intended to include topography, changes in names and their spelling, studies of façades and interiors of buildings which had been destroyed, notes on objects carried away from the city, notices of iniquitous rebuilding, and much else referring to the monumental heritage of Venice, especially of Venice unknown.

I was never able to carry out my project of learning English; but I wrote to Mr. Ruskin, and sent him my sketches and the outline of the work I had in mind—without, however, receiving any reply!

In July 1875 my father died, and for many months I thought no more of Ruskin and little of art. After a time, however, to distract my mind and forget my grief in work, I began to write a criticism of the methods adopted in the restoring, or rather rebuilding, then going on in St. Mark's. I read what I had written to a number of artist colleagues, fellow-citizens, fellow-countrymen,

and foreigners—among whom were Van Haanen, Serra, Favretto, Zezzos, Wolf, Raffaele Carloforti, who was the Benjamin of the company, and di Assisi, a disciple of Ruskin—and they urged me to publish.

The distinguished Professor R. Fulin offered to insert my criticisms as a series of articles in the 'Archivio Veneto,' on condition that I cut out all the 'virulent attacks,' as he called them, on the engineers, whom I had always considered the chief, if not the sole, enemies of my beloved Venice. Signor Tecchio, the deputy, and editor of the daily paper the 'Adriatico,' was ready to publish them in his paper in their entirety, and more than one other periodical would have found room for them. But Tecchio pointed out to me, and he was right, that scattered articles would not help the good cause: that the efficacy of each critical observation would be interrupted and neutralised by the necessity of sustaining a polemic against the reactionaries.

The wife of Count Bermani—one of the councillors of the Prefecture—the Countess Isobel Bermani, *née* Cholmondeley, a sculptress and great admirer of Signor Meduna, the chief architect of the work then going on in the Basilica, said to me, 'Do not publish; spare my poor Meduna.' And several relatives whose means were ample advised me in the same direction. They said my work would do no good either to the monument I wanted to save or to myself; that it would probably injure my career and create for me many enemies; and, in short, they did not see their way to contribute towards the expenses of publication.

One day (December 7, 1876—a Thursday) I was going home with my bundle of manuscript under my arm, depressed about my works, and thinking sadly of my dear father, to whose memory I would have dedicated my philippic designed to rescue from the official vandals the St. Mark's he adored, when, as I crossed the Campo of Santa Maria Zobenigo, I met my friend Raffaele Carloforti, who hastened cheerfully towards me with laughing eyes and outstretched hands, and cried:

'Alvise, do you know who is in Venice?'

'Who?'

'Ruskin!'

'Well—?'

'Well, I spoke to him yesterday evening about you and your book. He wants to see you—to know you. He has invited you to the Hotel Europa this evening. I have been to your house, and,

not finding you there, I was in search of you. We will go together. Do you agree? Bring your manuscript along with you.'

When at eight o'clock that evening I entered his study and drawing-room, Ruskin, upright and serious, was seated at a large writing-table, covered with books, manuscripts, and writing paper, and in his hand he held an immense cork pen as thick as a Havana cigar: he gave me one like it some time later.

He wore a dark-blue frock coat, a high cravat, and a higher collar. His ruddy face, his reddish hair and whiskers, and indeed his whole figure, were illuminated by a number of candles burning in silver candlesticks. It seemed to me there were seven of them: perhaps because my head was full of the 'Seven Lamps of Architecture.' He rose quickly and, with his slight person full of dignity, advanced to meet me as Carloforti introduced me, and thanked me for coming, in very English Italian. Then sitting down again and signing to me to take an arm-chair near him, he continued:

'And I thank my good friend Raffaele for having fulfilled the mission with which I charged him. So—they are assassinating St. Mark's?'

'Yes, sir, most unfortunately. And no one can see that better than yourself. They have been at it a good while, and they are going on.'

'I must say that you are very courageous, and that you have taken upon yourself a right hard task. I see you have brought your manuscript with you, as I told Carloforti to ask you to do. Will you be kind enough to read me some of the most important passages?'

I began to read extracts selected here and there, emphasising among others especially the following points:—That worse damage than that done many years before to the north façade of the basilica had been perpetrated recently on the principal façade and on the south side facing the sea, where the façade before the so-called restoration was exquisitely beautiful. Formerly the columns, capitals, slabs of Greek marble with transverse undulating veins, the bas-reliefs, the mosaics, &c., were so soft in colouring and at the same time so iridescent and so brilliant, that the whole effect was fairylike and enchanting, and the material more precious than if the façade in question had been all covered with gold and precious stones.

'This divinity of colour,' I exclaimed with angry vehemence, 'has been taken away entirely. The marbles have been scraped,

pumice-stoned, and completely ruined, together with the famous capitals. The mosaics in the half-moon have been renewed, and the slabs of alabaster and other veined Oriental marbles and the ornamental bas-reliefs have been replaced by common marbles. Great slabs of marble, inserted Byzantine fashion with undulating horizontal veins and marks, have been thrown away as rubbish, along with much other precious material, and gone God knows where, and been replaced by slabs with the veins arranged perpendicularly—a disposition hardly ever found in Byzantine architecture—producing a hard, sharp, modern, symmetrical effect. Slabs of Oriental Verde antique have been cast aside and muddy Western Verde from Susa substituted; and the handsome old toothed borders have been replaced by insignificant modern ones.

I went on to point out that in the mania to introduce symmetry into a building whose character was essentially unsymmetrical, the outside wall of the Zeno Chapel—which if not Byzantine was always picturesque—had been renewed, and the beautiful old marbles replaced by enormous slabs of Susa Verde, crossed in the centre by a toothed band in the worst taste. That instead of being jealously restored, with the utmost care and judgment, the ancient mosaics of the Zeno Chapel representing the life of St. Mark had been entirely renewed. Fortunately, many of the old mosaics had been saved by the engineer Pellanda; but it was a sacred duty to put them back exactly as they were. That the mosaics in the Baptistry had been infamously done up and even coloured in tempera where the modern workers found themselves unable to equal the old tints. That the old pavement of the church had been remade in an unworthy, barbarous, symmetrical and stupid way, which had not even the merit of durability, for it had begun to chip and peel almost as soon as it was finished. Every now and then as I read I made opportune digressions and comments, especially on the need of opening the eyes of the Government to the harm being done and obtaining a change of policy, and on the advisability of appointing special commissions for the care of the basilica—one of engineers and another of architects, painters, sculptors, and archæologists.

I spoke with impetuous enthusiasm, for all my heart was in the subject. All at once Ruskin interrupted me by springing to his feet. I did the same, and found myself in his arms.

‘For thirty years,’ he said, with emotion, kissing my forehead, ‘I have been seeking a Venetian patrician—an artist—who would

think and write about Venice and about St. Mark's as you have done, my young friend, and I am happy to have found you.'

Then, sitting down again: 'Why do you not publish?'

I explained the reasons given above, which had so far kept me back, and I added that the only course open to me now was to accept one of the offers to publish piecemeal in the 'Adriatico' or some other paper of the kind.

'No, no, that is not to be thought of; the polemics roused day by day by your criticisms would spoil the effect of your arguments. Your terrible book must come out as a whole; it must be a big gun and do its work at a single shot. It must sweep away the evils of restoration as practised hitherto on the ancient monuments, evils deep rooted not only here but in the whole of Europe. Allow me to offer you the means necessary for the publication, and find a publisher at once.'

With a beating heart I expressed my thanks, though in what words I know not—I was too much overcome.

Ruskin went on: 'Permit me to say that you are young; and although you have already engaged in the struggle for the conservation of the monuments of your city with isolated publications, this is the moment when you may be said to begin the real war against powerful adversaries who enjoy the confidence of the Government—the existing commissions, the bureaucracy. It is true that your artist colleagues and contemporaries are on your side; but you need an old general well known in Europe for the battle on behalf of your new ideas. I will therefore write you a letter addressed to every art centre in Europe, in which I will support and justify everything that you have expressed at greater length so ably and so courageously, touching these matters of archæology, art, and history, which interest the whole civilised world. And you will be kind enough to insert my letter as a preface to your book.'

'I can only thank you again from my heart,' I replied. 'You are treating me as a friend—nay, as a father. As I have no other way of expressing my gratitude, permit me to dedicate to you this book, which will see the light through your generosity and do something, I hope, in the future to preserve our basilica and other monuments. I intended to dedicate it to my father, but in dedicating it to you, sir, I only obey the voice of my father, which speaks to my soul at this moment.'

'I accept with all my heart,' he answered, shaking my hand.

'By the way, however,' he went on, 'my letter must be translated into Italian, and printed in English and Italian. Find a translator. Another time we will talk about that work of yours which embraces all Artistic Venice from its origin to our time, and about which Signor Cecchini, the secretary of the Academy, has spoken to me. Do you know,' he burst out gaily, in a louder tone—'do you know that the Academy of Fine Arts elected me one of its honorary members a good while ago, and that the "Società Veneta di Storia Patria," on April 25 last, almost as soon as it was started, also wanted to have me among its founders? I am yours! I am yours! I am at last a Venetian!'

After a pause he went on in a sympathetic tone: 'Carloforti has told me of the recent loss you have sustained in the death of your good father, and described him to me as a real Venetian gentleman of the good old stamp. He told me also that your mother is a Morosini. Pray offer her my respectful homage, and say that I shall feel honoured to pay her a visit if she will permit me.'

The idea of meeting a real Morosini—who was not only the great-granddaughter of the last Procurator of St. Mark's and descendant in the direct line of the Doge Domenico Morosini (1148-1155), who was buried in Santa Croce, and in whose reign the Campanile of St. Mark's was completed, and of the Doge Marino Morosini (1249-1252), who was buried in St. Mark's Atrium, and at whose death the custom was introduced of hanging up the arms of the Doges in the basilica—filled Mr. Ruskin with the greatest joy.

I shall never forget the moment in which, after stopping a long while in Corte Bottera at San Giovanni e Paolo (where I then lived) to admire a precious Byzantine arch, still *in situ*, having escaped the clutches of the robber speculators, he entered my study and bowed before my mother, kissing her hand as he would have kissed the hand of a queen. Never as long as I live shall I forget the veneration with which, stretching out both arms wide, he bent down and laid his forehead on the pile of parchment documents, wills, &c., belonging to the Morosini family, which I had laid out for his inspection on a large table. All the way as we went back to San Mosé, and all that evening, and even at intervals for days afterwards, he was never weary of talking to me about the charm of my mother's gentle dignity, and of the supreme importance, as he called it, of those venerable documents.

It was easy to find a publisher, but less easy to find someone to translate a literary letter dealing with art in technical terms and in the Ruskin style, which, as the Countess Bermani said to me, 'though magnificent, is involved, and very difficult to render in another language.'

At that time I was engaged to a young lady, now my wife, Miss Eugenia Szczepanowska, a member of a cultured and ancient Polish family, who was staying in Venice with her mother and sister. As she united a fine artistic intuition with a knowledge, among other languages, of English, the Countess Bermani, our friend, suggested that she should translate Mr. Ruskin's letter into Italian. When, on one of the last evenings of December 1876, I told him that I had found, not a 'traduttore,' but a 'traduttrice,' he was delighted, and, rubbing his hands, he said: 'Women are finer interpreters than men, of even arid subjects. Where a subtle intuition of the original sense is necessary they are more perspicacious, and then they know how to clothe the dryness and gravity of the subject they are dealing with with certain graces and charms of form where a man would be loyal to the matter rather than to the spirit.' He then expressed to me his wish to be introduced to the young 'traduttrice,' and a few days afterwards I accompanied him to Madame Szczepanowska's, where he entertained himself in a very animated and interesting conversation with these ladies.

I spent all January 1877 in correcting and recorrecting proofs, and meanwhile, in the odds and ends of time left him by other occupations, Ruskin was preparing the famous prefatory letter for my book. I used to visit him every evening from seven to ten o'clock at the 'Calcina,' on the Zattere, where, as he said to me, he had transported his household gods in order to be quieter. Sometimes he invited me to supper, and then, as we drank our wine, I toasted him, and Our Venice, and he drank to my health, my mother's and Eugenia's. We talked about Venice, Rome, Assisi, Ravenna, and about Siena, which I had not then seen; discussed Carpaccio, Gentile Bellini, Tintoretto, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Art in general. Not infrequently the conversation turned on religion. He told me about his visit to the tomb of the Holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, and said to me: 'Although I am a Protestant, and have little in common with Romish priests, I knelt down there several times and wept at the thought of Peter, and of the great apostle of civilisation and of the Gentiles.'

He confided to me that an English friend of his in England had had certain revelations, and was far advanced in the '*Scienza di Dio*.' He spoke of his friend's revelations with such conviction that I was amazed, and he confirmed them repeatedly as if talking to himself, but always with the idea that the listener must give all his attention to what he was saying. While he talked he bent his head from time to time, and then raised it with an energetic movement, gazing upwards with eyes that looked into vacancy or into the infinite, and repeated to himself: 'Oh, yes, yes; he has gone very far! And he has had many, many clear revelations.'

Sometimes in our talks politics were introduced, and I had to confess that that was a subject I knew little about, but that I had been roused from the deadly incubus which had oppressed and embittered my childhood and youth, when the Austrian cannon and the Croatian artillerymen disappeared from under the arcades of the Ducal Palace. In general, however, as I told him, I lived too much in the past to understand the politics either of modern Italy or of other countries. He then stopped to talk about the benefits conferred on Italy by the independence which had been won back; and all at once, leaping from Italy to England, he assured me: 'Ideas there are upset, but a day will come when great and small will rise like one sole gentleman of the good old times, sword in hand'—and he stretched out his arm as if really brandishing a sword—'and compel respect for Christian civilisation, whereas now people respect nothing but interest.'

Sometimes we went to the Academy, and, truth to tell, in our discussions on art we did not always agree. When Carloforti joined us he always found the ridiculous side of every argument, and we ended with a hearty laugh; but when Ruskin and I were alone the discussions were endless, and each stoutly insisted on remaining faithful to his particular opinions. He was almost an exclusivist. Carpaccio and Tintoretto were all and more than enough for him; and he used to get momentarily irritated when, in answer to his questions, I replied that in painting, as in architecture and sculpture, I admired the style and the art of every century, just as in literature I loved every author who was not insipid and mediocre. Our greatest arguments turned on Titian's '*Assumption*,' then in the old room, because the new hall had not yet been constructed to contain that and Tintoretto's '*Miracle of St. Mark*,' and other masterpieces of Veronese, &c., who, by the way, I suspect are not very well satisfied with the hospitality offered them.

On February 12, 1877, we went specially to examine Titian's great work. 'This "Benedetta Assunta,"' said I to Ruskin, 'does not please you. You think she looks like a washerwoman; but forgive me if I say you are wrong. Imagine you see her, not crushed, as she is here, between the floor, from which she is raised only by a few ridiculous inches, and the ceiling, which she nearly touches with her head, but put back into her right place behind the high altar of the church of the Frari. Imagine you see her soaring not inches but yards from the pavement, and arched above by the vast semicircular apse of the choir, and then you will see the washerwoman transformed into the angelic shape of the divine Madonna. The Apostles, who now look to you like dock labourers, will become dignified and venerable; and the joyous cherubs, with their splendid colouring, who surround the Eternal Father in glory, will present to you a real Paradise prepared to receive the Mother of God, who, for the rest, has her head so divinely foreshortened that to look at her from near or from far is a Paradise in itself.'

To console himself for my outburst he dragged me in front of Carpaccio's 'Saint Ursula,' and was almost scandalised when I laughed and said, 'I like this, and I like that,' pointing in the direction of the 'Assumption.' But he soon smiled, and, calling my attention to the verbena and the carnation, his favourite flowers, painted by Carpaccio with so much fidelity to nature, he began to talk about flowers.

One morning I found Mr. Ruskin in the court of the 'Calcina' with a hatchet in his hand. 'Oh, oh! What are you doing?' I cried. 'Are you preparing to execute summary justice on the assassins of Artistic Venice?' 'No, no, my dear friend. As you see, I am cutting wood. Allow me'—and he went on splitting certain logs for firewood with the greatest ease and naturalness. When he had set me a sufficiently good example, he invited me to his room, and as we went up-stairs he advised me to take exercise in the same way from time to time, assuring me that wood-cutting was a kind of gymnastics very beneficial to health, which he had practised for some time, and which he was sure would do me good.

(To be concluded.)

ON WINDY HILL.

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE LONG NIGHT ENDED.

THE hours passed. Captain Hurst, careful enough of his men, as a good officer should be, arranged the watches so that each of his troopers in turn snatched a two-hours sleep. For himself, he slept not at all, but waited doggedly in the draughty hall for the sound of the least footfall on stair or passage. And Donald shared his vigil.

'As ye'll ken,' explained the old man, settling himself in a straight-backed chair that faced Hurst across the hearth—'as ye'll ken, we both have to guard the house.'

'You explained as much before, I think,' said the other drily. Surprised as he was by Donald's tacit air of an authority equal with his own at Windy Hall, Hurst could not but be tickled, in a grim fashion, by the man's way of putting the matter.

'The dead master owned little,' went on Donald; 'but what gear he had I'm pledged to watch over. And 'tis likelier work, come to think of it, than guarding a bird that's flown to the bonnie hills by now.'

'If the bird *has* flown.' Hurst, truth to tell, did not find company of any sort come amiss, for it served at least to aid him in keeping his eyes away from sleep. 'You are flattering, moreover, to doubt my honesty.'

'Doot your honesty?' Again there was the deep, inimitable air of Scots theology about the man. 'Why should I no doot all men's honesty? We're poor folk at the best, and at the worst we're fore-ordained to damnation, as ye well ken—or should do. Though, when I'm telling ye there's doot of all men's honesty, I'll beg ye to observe there are men who stand free o' all such doot.'

'Indeed?'

'Oh, ay. Sir Peter, while he was living, Prince Charlie, and

maybe old Donald here, who's talking to ye o' matters ye'll never in this world ken. Hereafter—well, ye'll just find out for yourself.'

Not a word further could Hurst draw from him, try as he would to entice him into speech. Truth to tell, Donald was thinking of the dead master, lying so near to them in the dining-chamber; his brief effort of what stood to him for humour was spent, and he could no longer hide from himself the truth that he would go lacking Sir Peter until they met in the after-world. Time after time, as they sat together, he and Hurst, speaking never a word, Donald glanced towards the door which hid Sir Peter from his view, and his eyes smarted, and for the first time in his life he wished he were a woman, to find relief in tears.

No silence can be half so deep as when another shares it with you, yet will not speak or look at you. Captain Hurst grew restless. The dull embers of his fancy were quickened, for he sat solitary here in a house whose memories and whose faith went back into the living past.

He passed in review each detail of the last hurried hours; and, while he sat and pondered, fighting with weariness and sleep, old ghosts crept out from shadowed corners and whispered in his ear. This vigil, though he did not know it, was one of many lessons which had been taught him since his coming to Windy Hall; for ghosts can teach at once more quickly and more surely than human schoolmasters.

The beauty, the dignity of the lives which had been spent here; the loyalty which had been gentle in the hour of triumph, firm even to martyrdom when danger met it by the way; the grace of dead men of the Lynn family, the grace of dead women who, in their time, had been as Barbara was now, though wearing frocks less tattered—the fragrance of the past would no way be denied, and Captain Hurst, honest in the strict letter of obedience to politics, found himself transported, as on a magic carpet, to gardens where Stuart roses grew, where folk walked stately, self-assured, and modest in their faith.

So insistent was the message of this ruined house to Hurst that when he heard a softened footfall, a softened opening of the door that led from the hall to the kitchen offices, he was not surprised. He looked up, and thought to see a ghost; instead, he saw Maid Barbara, comely, proud, and watchful.

'You sit up late o' nights, Captain Hurst,' she said, with the veiled mockery which she had shown him from the first.

'My duty compels me, Miss Lynn.' Again he felt clumsy in her presence; again he felt a thrill of something more exquisite, more full of sharp and bitter pain, than life had taught him before this day of his riding up the moor.

'Ah, you may sleep,' she said, with a careless shrug. 'Mr. Blair is hidden in the cellars, sir—behind the wainscoting—at the end of some long passage; Donald tells me you are sure of it. But he is hidden for the night.'

Hurst was wearied out, and wearied by toil which seemed to bring him little nearer to his goal. He looked at Donald's face, averted, inscrutable; he glanced at Barbara, who was fighting down her grief with a courage older than her years—Barbara, who convinced him almost that he was following an all fools' chase at Windy Hall.

'I shall not sleep,' he answered, regaining the obstinacy which had served him both well and ill in life. 'You would be the better for a night's rest yourself, Miss Lynn —'

'My thanks. As you are neither my physician nor my gaoler, Captain Hurst, I—shall regard your commands, or disregard them, as I please.'

She was gone, taking the warmth with her, and Hurst was left once more to Donald's chill companionship. Should he follow her stealthily, see what she was about at this hour of a winter's night? He shook his head. Already he had intruded on her privacy, thinking to find her in company with the fugitive; and he had done no more than surprise her at the altar-rails in maiden prayer. No, he could not spy upon a friendless girl, cost what it might.

There was a grim humour about this vigil shared by Hurst and Donald. Each was obstinately resolved to keep awake; each watched the other with deliberate and crafty caution. At times it was necessary to replenish the candle-sconces, and Donald performed the task with silence and despatch. Only Sir Peter Lynn, it seemed, was privileged to lie at rest.

And still, as the hall grew chillier yet at the approach of a red and stormy dawn, the ghosts of past gallantries seemed to brush Hurst's sleeve in passing, like voiceless winds.

No man need judge him for yielding to the devil. Spent with the long ride, the longer vigil, chilled to the bone, full of this wild, unheeding first love which had found him late in life, Hurst's resolution was at its lowest ebb. The hour and the place were chosen well by the voice that crept from the shadows and whispered

at his ear. Like an unclean ghost it came, threading its way through honourable phantoms; and Hurst started, so clearly the voice spoke, as if it came from lips palpable and human.

Donald seemed to be asleep, his eyelids closed, his head bowed forward; but he heard the other's sudden start, the creak of his chair, and looked sharply up. There was nothing to be seen except the lights and shadows; but Captain Hurst was sitting rigidly, and on his face there was a look of battle.

Like all the devil's propositions, this temptation that assailed Hurst was oddly simple and convincing. Had he any great care for the fortunes of King George II., any personal care, as distinct from the letter of his duty? Well, no. He could find no trace of honest sentiment in the matter. Then, why should he not let Blair of Blair escape, for Barbara's sake? It was no way certain that Blair was hidden here. In any case, there could be no shadow of accusation against him if he told his dull-witted troopers that they need no longer seek the quarry here, and rode off with them on the next day.

Softly, with a thief's step, the suggestion made its way. He could not do this for nothing, naturally. As a man who had fought patiently for self-advancement, neglecting pleasure by the way, he understood the value of a bargain. On the one hand, he abandoned all hope of a capture that would place him high in favour with the Duke of Cumberland and the other Hanoverian leaders; on the other, he must claim——

Captain Hurst paused here. The sequence of thought, so simple, logical, was broken for a moment. He was a man again, and the braver voice of honour spoke to him. Better cling even to cold policy, if it were honest, than to this treason, which would make him, in his own eyes at least, a leper among men.

Old Donald watched him steadfastly, and could make nothing of the changing play of feature. For Donald had seen much of warfare, man against man, when faces glowed, now with generous passion, now with demoniac fury, till none could tell whether angel or devil had the upper hand; but he did not understand this battle of one man alone against a host of unclean thoughts.

Hurst lay back. He had resigned the struggle. He admitted the logic of that bargain which he must make with Barbara. It was her life against Blair's.

Suddenly he got up and paced to and fro across the floor. He had forgotten Donald's presence. He saw only Barbara, who had

sung the first love-song that ever stirred his heart. Her mockery, her pride, her disdain of all that appertained to his old life, gave only an added zest to the wooing he proposed.

He loved her honourably, moreover, with the love that good women welcome. And again—these thousand once agains since first the tangle of men's lives began—there was the old play played afresh. Hurst, unimaginative, a man trusted as one trusts a watch-dog, was prepared to buy true love with honour. Somewhere behind his courage, which rang true at all times, behind his relish for a hard, clean life, there was a weakness, unguessed till now. It seemed right to him, in this moment of surrender, that he should seek a real love along unrighteous paths. The weakness was a saving proof that he was human after all.

On the moors, that clasped this old house like a harsh but kindly mother, the red dawn woke from sleep. It was faith's answer to Captain Hurst's surrender. Foot by foot, fighting as it went, the dark receded; foot by foot the dawn advanced. And now, as in human combat, the forces of the night would rally in a sheltered dingle, would struggle till the last moment with the warriors of the sun; and again the clouds would come across the dawn-lights, fighting on night's side. But, last of all, a league of crimson glory stretched over the far spur of eastern hills, and the sun came up, a conqueror approved.

It was dawn—dawn above these lands of witchery and gloom which cradled Windy Hall. One by one the riggs and rounded hummocks of the moor moved quietly into view; there was light snow upon the highest summits, and all the lower stretches of heather, dead bracken stems, and gorse were pearly with frozen night-mist.

Out of doors here the wind blew crisp and heartsome, and no man could look out across the waste of rolling lands without a sense of liberty and strength. Within doors, however, Hurst and old Donald shivered, as they rubbed their eyes and rose with stiffened limbs.

Hurst moved to the window and looked out. All roads of thought led now to Barbara, and there was something in the aspect of these moorlands that brought the girl's figure to his mind with strange distinctness. Both were clothed in ragged gear; both were strong, self-reliant, jealous for the loneliness which was at once disdainful and pathetic. The Captain, indeed, was blessed to-day—or cursed—with a new sense. Keen shafts of poetry, of

understanding, pierced the tough hide of his politics. He loved Maid Barbara ; and lovers, when the keen dawn meets them face to face, renew that power of 'listening to the angels,' as the country-women have it, which they possessed in boyhood.

He stood there full ten minutes, Donald watching him constantly the while and wondering 'what fresh devilment was in the making.' He had been ambitious, this leader of Hanoverian troopers. He had forgotten it. For one purpose only he had striven, so it seemed—that of winning Barbara Lynn at any price, at any hazard.

His road of wooing, mapped out so quietly during the cold of the night-hours, was scarcely distasteful to him now ; miry and foul as the going was, his love for Barbara beckoned to him from the far end of the journey and sanctified its purpose.

He turned from the window at last. He was living again in the world of practical affairs.

'Donald, you will get breakfast ready for my troopers and myself. Poor devils ! they must have had even a colder night of it than I.' His voice was sharp, decisive. He was an officer again, no more, no less.

Donald was reluctant, out of temper. 'Ye've full command o' the house, so I must do it,' he said, looking studiously away from Hurst ; 'but I tell ye—and run your sword through me for it if ye will—that I'd rather feed honest pigs than such as ye.'

Hurst straightened himself, and his adversary felt a grudging admiration for the crisp, cool fury of his voice.

'I command, and you obey. Understand as much at once. And, Donald, you will remember that even to an old man's tongue I allow a certain license, and no more.'

Donald glanced keenly at the other, then went towards the kitchen. 'Ye're more of a man than I took ye for,' he said, with his coldest air of disapproval and theology.

Breakfast was a solitary meal once more for Captain Hurst ; but a half-hour afterwards, as he opened the main door and stood on the threshold, letting the crisp wind blow the cobwebs from his eyes, he heard a footstep in the hall, and turned, and saw Maid Barbara.

She had meant to pass by unheeded ; but there was something in the look he gave her—a challenge, an assumption of mastery, dogged and new-formed—that stayed her. Barbara had been prone at all times to accept a challenge.

'I am troubled, Captain Hurst,' she said.

A helplessness crept across Hurst's brave project of last night. At each meeting he loved her a little more, loved himself a little less. She talked of trouble, but with a quiet and regal irony which warned him that this was a match of rapier against broadsword.

'We are poor,' she went on, 'thanks to you folk, who will not let the King come to his own. You would laugh, Captain Hurst, if you guessed how poor we are.'

'Yes?' he answered, awkward as a schoolboy.

'Our larder—you would laugh again could you peep into it. I want to ask you—you will acquit me of discourtesy—for how long you propose to quarter yourselves on us. You may command us to provide food, but King's law does not run, you will remember, when the larder is empty.'

'You jest,' said Hurst. His natural stiffness was gone; he was alert, passionate, and even Barbara admitted that he was something like a man. 'Since I came here first, Miss Lynn, you have turned every look and word of mine to mockery.'

'But, indeed I do not jest. A larder all but empty—your troopers and yourself quartered here for days—for weeks and months, if you persist in the superstition that you will capture Mr. Blair—can you not see the inconvenience you are causing us?'

'I inconvenience myself, Miss Lynn. Your hospitality is scarcely—'

'Our hospitality is for our friends,' she broke in, stormily; 'we do not propose to extend it at any time to men who will not come to us in decent garb.'

She glanced at his uniform. They stood, avowed and open enemies, and her scorn—too pitiless, had she known it—swept round about him like a storm of sleet. And, because he was brave, the tempest braced and heartened him.

'Mr. Blair lies in the house here. I've not a doubt of it. It is left to you, Miss Lynn, to settle this question of your larder.'

Barbara liked decision in a man. She looked at Captain Hurst with interest. 'You will explain,' she said, 'how I, who am all but a prisoner, can arrange the household details to my liking.'

'Mr. Blair is here. You wish to save him. I will help you.'

She drew back. At all times she feared an enemy who came bringing gifts. 'You will help me?'

'Do you fancy, Miss Lynn, that only lovers of the Stuart can

love well?' The man was transfigured; face, voice, gesture, all were altered; he was a man whom love had found, and all such men bear a strange likeness to each other. 'Mr. Blair is here, and I hold his life in my hands. You shall have it as a gift.'

She drew further back from him, as if she read in part the meaning of his eagerness. 'As a gift, or for a price?' she asked coldly.

'You will marry me. My love for you, Miss Lynn, is honest, though I can find no courtier's speech for it.'

Maid Barbara was silent, struggling with an anger which she would not show to Hurst. And at last she laughed—a laugh so low, restrained, and self-assured that the man's cheek crimsoned, as if struck by a riding-whip.

'Your love is honest?' she answered. 'You propose treason—what stands to you for treason—and talk of honesty.' In spite of herself her voice grew quick and eager. 'Suppose I stooped to bargain with you, Captain Hurst? Each time that I looked at you I should think, "Here is a traitor!" Each time that we broke bread together I should be eating tainted food. No, sir! Your cause is a poor thing at the best, but you might at least be loyal to it.'

Hurst saw his well-planned scheme as so much madness now. Barbara had not spared him. Not only had she treated his suit as an impertinence; she had shown him, too, the meanness of this bargain which he had tried to make with her.

'It was for love of you—for love of you,' he stammered, passing a hand across his eyes.

'No!' Again there was a clear, cold challenge in her voice. 'True love marches with true deeds. See, Captain Hurst, you think your battle is with Mr. Blair of Blair. It is with me. Mr. Blair is in the house, or he is not. Find him.'

She was gone, and the red dawn sweeping through the doorway seemed full of menace to the Captain. He had lost Barbara. He had forfeited his honour. He would lose Blair himself, so some sullen whisper told him.

'My God, I have lost her!' he muttered.

Full day came up in triumph across the wintry moor. And Hurst stood at the door, looking with wild eyes across the stern and loyal hills. They, like Barbara, stood firm; while he—was an outcast, stripped of every rag that might have clothed his shame.

CHAPTER V.

HOW ANOTHER TROOP RODE UP THE MOOR.

THE next day passed. When a man stands in such plight as Captain Hurst, he must grasp some sort of forward work or lose himself for ever. His honour was smirched, though none but Barbara knew it; he must patch it up somehow, and make amends for treason. Till now he had wished to capture Blair for sake of advancement; to-day he made a resolve, passionate and steadfast, that he would redeem his fault, would atone for it by running Blair to earth.

There was no heart in the pastime, for he had tasted better things. One day of second-sight had been granted him; he had understood what loyalty and love could mean. Yet he relapsed, with a quickness and decision that came of soldier habits, into the old life. He ordered the day so that his troopers and himself should get their share of necessary sleep; no chance was left to Blair of escape, either on horseback or on foot.

Donald and his mistress, on their side, shared watches, so that at no time were the Hanoverians free from that unobtrusive espionage which had been about them from the start. Worn as they were, besieged and besiegers alike, from lack of sleep, it was Blair himself who had the hardest task. Hour after hour he lay dungeoned in the little chamber below the chapel; he feared for Barbara's safety among his enemies; yet it was imperative, for the sake of the despatches which he carried, that he should do nothing rash. Accustomed to face the light, to meet danger in the open and at speed, he loathed this waiting-time. More than once he got to his feet and began to climb the stone stairway leading from his prison. At all costs he must make a dash for liberty; he was ashamed and outraged by this need to hide like a rabbit in its burrow. Then he would remember the despatches. There were names of many Lancashire gentlemen there—names trusted to his keeping. If he were taken, his rashness would have to answer for the heads of many a loyal friend of the Prince's.

Blair had passed into song already as a leader of forlorn hopes, who feared death as little as he feared his other enemies. Yet this last enterprise—this doing nothing in the silence, while deeds were in the making round about his prison—was the bravest of them all.

Nothing was easier than to climb the stair, to go out sword in hand, to end or mend this term of his imprisonment; nothing was harder than to hold himself in check and wait.

From time to time Maid Barbara crept to his hiding-chamber, bringing food and wine—bringing something, too, more needful to Blair's comfort. Discomfort, the shame of hiding, restlessness—they drifted by whenever Barbara's face showed in the dim candle-light, whenever Barbara's voice came softly to him like the echo of an old-time ballad. He would return to solitude, after these meetings, with a fresh store of patience, thanking God, with the brave simplicity which marked him at all times, that he had lived to know this girl.

On the moors there was unrest. The stormy dawn had ushered in a day of harsh and sudden wind-blasts, of sleet that rattled at the windows as if to riddle the old house through and through. Each chimney-stack hid its separate voice, as the wind caught in its throat and screamed for liberty. Within doors and without there was unrest—unrest, and an overhanging sense of mystery and doom. And in the dining-chamber lay Sir Peter, awaiting burial.

Donald had gone to the hillside village, two miles away, at Barbara's bidding, to arrange with the blacksmith—who was smith, and carpenter, and coffin-maker, all in one—for a speedy burial. At another time she would have craved to be alone with her dead for as long as might be; but now each hour that passed, with Hurst and his troopers clanking through the corridors, seemed sacrilege to the dead master of the house. Her feeling was that Sir Peter would lie more quietly and with greater honour under the quiet earth than here in the busy house.

The second restless night moved on into a second windy dawn, and all the moor lay in a shroud of grey-white sleet, very desolate to see. No change had come to the situation of these ill-assorted folk, who watched, on the one side and the other, with tireless patience.

Toward sunset the old priest came—he had, by good fortune, shrouven Sir Peter three hours before his death—to do the last offices. All was ready. Barbara had said farewell to her father. The lid of the rude coffin was fastened down; and, because there was need of more help than the smith and Donald could afford, she was compelled to accept Captain Hurst's formal offer of assistance. Indeed, she was touched, despite herself, by the grave

courtesy with which he placed himself and one of his troopers at her service.

The sun, a red ball breaking through the grey-blue clouds, lit up the roving hills, the wastes of marsh. To Hurst it seemed, as they stood ready to carry the coffin to the private burial-ground of the Lynns—it lay on the slope of Windy Hill, facing the dawn—to Hurst it seemed that he had never looked upon a land so lonely and disastrous. To Barbara it was home. Not all the moaning wind, the drifting sleet that was blown like mist across the white bosom of the heath, could alter the face of a tried comrade; she might be lonely, harassed, but the outlook and the errand, though they saddened her, could never make the moor unfriendly.

As the bearers stooped to the coffin there came the slush of horse-hoofs through the wet ground that lay between Windy Hall and the fall of the lower lands. A self-assured, rough fellow rode at the head of fivescore horsemen. Their uniforms were darkened where the sleet had melted, white where it stood in beaded flakes; but they were liveried, to a friendly or a hostile eye, by George of Hanover,

Hurst glanced keenly at the leader, stepped back a pace or two, then stood at attention and saluted.

‘Ah, you, Captain Hurst!’ said the new-comer, his voice as harsh as the ring of iron on an anvil. ‘I remember you as dogged and dull-witted. What are you doing here?’

‘Cannot you see, your Highness?’ Hurst, by contrast with the other, was own brother to Blair of Blair. ‘I am helping a lady in her trouble, and God knows that a gallant gentleman is waiting burial.’

Barbara forgave him in that moment for his treason. She did not know the stranger’s name, nor the reason for his coming to Windy Hall; but she had heard Captain Hurst speak well, sincerely, of the dead, and that, for Barbara, was enough.

‘Your name, sir?’ she asked, with a glance towards the coffin—a glance that should have warned the horseman to be reverent, at least in outward seeming.

He looked at her with interest. Her charm, by an odd irony, affected men who dwelt remote from the garden where that charm had grown—the garden of true faith, of loyalty, that had no price in any market-place.

‘Cumberland,’ he said, with heavy jauntiness—‘the Duke of Cumberland, at your service.’

'Ah!' said Barbara.

The word, the tone of it, had brought many a Lynn within whispering distance of the gallows. It was their habit to say 'Ah!' when they disdained all further argument. Yet, curiously, the rough Hanoverian folk were tempted and enticed by this token of a pride which they could never in this world possess.

Cumberland glanced at her with palpable effrontery—that of the country roysterer who dresses in bright colours for the fair and ogles all the lassies. She felt the shame of it, and stood straighter, looking at the dying sunset over the wastes of heath. There was frank and honest murder in her heart.

'What is all this?' he asked sharply, turning suddenly to Hurst. In his way he was a good soldier, and gallantry was apt to give place at a moment's notice to the prime business of his life.

Hurst, mastering an old dislike of the man who was to be known, hereafter and for all time, as Butcher Cumberland, told him quietly and in brief how he had ridden to Windy Hall. He told how they had pursued Blair of Blair up the steep face of the moor, how they had lost him, how they were waiting here under the conviction that he lay in hiding at the Hall. And Cumberland, a bully by nature and self-training, grew harder of face as the narrative proceeded.

Truth to tell, Captain Hurst told his story with cold indifference. He resented the coming of a general who, if there were any likelihood of his claiming the credit of Blair's capture, would certainly step in. He disliked the man. Then, too, he had caught the glance of clownish passion with which he had favoured Barbara. After suffering insult, cold, and weariness for a day and a half, it seemed that in the result he would be robbed of all that he had striven for.

Hurst, indeed, was on Barbara's side, eager to protect her against this notorious relative of His Majesty, King George. To himself it was clear that fairies lived at Windy Hall; for, since the first moment of his coming, the old beliefs, the old, steady purposes, had been twisted out of recognition. With a little more aid from Heaven—or from himself—he would have been a Jacobite this afternoon.

Cumberland was not slow to interpret his coldness, and his great, blunt face grew livid. 'Damme, sir, you talk of Blair of Blair as if he were a usual rogue—as if he were a country wench,

rather, who was hiding from some over-pressing attentions on your part. You have Blair within reach of your hand, and cannot find him—or will not. Before God, sir, you're the sublimest fool that ever named himself a soldier.'

'I have done my best, your Highness.'

'Ay, a chilly best. This girl here has been playing pranks with you, and I tell you that you'll be shot as a traitor, one of these near days, if you show such predilection for the Lynns of Windy Hall. No, Miss Lynn,' he broke off, turning savagely to her, his face more like a wild beast's than a man's; 'you can ogle me, but I'm past that sort of gentle warfare, now I know that Blair of Blair is here. D'ye think I came here by chance? We're riding, fast as we can travel over these God-forsaken moors, to put pressure on certain gentlemen of Lancashire—friends of yours, doubtless—and I halted here to bait our horses—why, think you?'

Barbara stood away from him. The coffin close beside her, the bearers waiting to perform their errand, the moors that strode, white, measureless, austere, into the red cloud-line of the dying day, the fivescore troopers seated motionless upon their horses, grew dreamlike and unreal. She saw only Cumberland, and a great sickness caught her unawares; bad men and good she had encountered, but never such a man as this.

She recovered herself. Hurst could have applauded openly this girl who had despised and mocked him. Slim, straight and beautiful, Barbara faced her adversary.

'Captain Hurst need not claim your attention. If anything, he has been too faithful to his trust. You ask if I know why you came here, sir——'

'They address me usually as His Highness,' he broke in, his harshness a little daunted.

'Ah, yes, *they* do, but not we. You are at liberty to explain your intrusion.'

The girl was slight, wearing a tattered frock; but the strength that armed her was forged by generations of clean living, cleaner faith. Cumberland felt his assurance slipping from him, and sought refuge in the frank brutality which was so soon to make his name a thing from which honest men shuddered and withdrew.

'I am here, Miss Lynn, because my horses needed corn, because I chose to claim it from a house which is notoriously disaffected. Your friends in Lancashire—their heads will presently pay forfeit

to the King—can rest assured that it was your help which spurred our horses forward.'

'Indeed? But if I tell you that we have been too poor to keep horses of our own? There is no corn in the stables, sir.'

'No matter. I will take Sir Peter Lynn instead.'

Hurst himself was tempted to attack his superior officer in that moment, for Cumberland's evil smile, his evident resolve to torture Barbara, plumbed a lower depth than that of mere brutality.

'True, our evidence against him is not complete,' went on the Duke. 'I shall exercise my prerogative, Miss Lynn—shoot him first, and inquire afterwards into the proofs of his disaffection.'

From Cumberland's own troopers rose that curious murmur, scarcely audible, which tells of the disapproval of men accustomed to silence and obedience. They saw Barbara, these fivescore horsemen; they saw the grief on her face, the coffin, the bearers waiting for the end of this unhappy scene; and in their hearts they cursed the man who led them.

Cumberland did not heed the protest. He had been daunted by something new to his experience—the steadfastness of an English lady, who would not stoop to hide her vast contempt for him. He had power to avenge the insult, and would use it.

'Where is Sir Peter?' he went on. 'Not hiding with Mr. Blair, I take it? Conduct me to him, Miss Lynn, and let me tell him that this game of Stuart hide-and-seek has been played long enough.'

The scene, to Barbara, was one of horror and dismay. Her dead lay waiting burial; she was harassed by grief, by fears for Blair's safety, now that reinforcements had come to aid Captain Hurst's dull wits; yet she did not falter. Another murmur came from the troopers now, one of applause and stern approval. Some mantle from a nobler world had fallen upon Barbara; she was beautiful in all men's sight, as she pointed gravely to the coffin.

'My father lies there,' she said. None who listened could tell why the tears rose to their eyes; they did not know that, out of the everlasting heart of life, Eve's childlike innocence, Eve's mother-pity, spoke once again in the voice of one among her youngest daughters.

Even Cumberland was shocked, for the length of such a moment as was granted to his conscience. 'He lies there?' he echoed, staring at the coffin.

'Yes. He lies secure.' Barbara's voice rose soft, yet clear,

above the sobbing wind. 'He has gone to join such friends as you will never know.'

The Duke laughed recklessly. Outwitted, stung by the lash of an honesty that would not spare him, he yielded to his lowest self.

The afternoon was all but dead by now. Stray, sullen gleams of red marked where the sun had set; for the rest, a lonely night was settling on the moor, and wandering flakes of sleet and snow came down the wind.

'Captain Hurst, you're a fool,' said Cumberland, turning sharply. 'D'ye not guess where Blair of Blair hides at this moment?'

Hurst answered sullenly. 'I have explained, your Highness, that I do not know. If I did, he would be my prisoner.'

'Why, he's there—there!' cried the other, pointing to the coffin. 'Have you learned so little of priestcraft and the Stuarts that you doubt the stratagem? Sir Peter Lynn died so conveniently, Captain Hurst, that a child might have guessed the plot. Open the coffin lid, sir, and see how you've been fooled by Miss Lynn here.'

'No!' said Hurst. 'There are things I will do at your command, your Highness, and things I will not do.'

And now again there came a muffled roar from the troopers—a roar of approbation and goodwill. Cumberland heard it this time, and faced about. His face was awful in its brute, unheeding passion. He knew that he stood alone, that his troopers, disaffected already by long and useless marches, by long-continued neglect of their least comforts, had been leaning for days past toward the side of mutiny. He knew—and this galled him most of all—that Hurst, if he had any longer the conscience of a gentleman, was in the right.

It was said of Cumberland that he was brave because, in moments of passion such as this, he was blind to danger, was, indeed, like a drunkard or a madman who faced peril because he did not gauge its meaning.

'Silence, men!' he cried, in thick, rasping tones. 'The air's alive with treason here. Captain Hurst—and you others—I will shoot the first who lifts his voice while I do what you decline to do.'

The lone, bleak wind blew constantly across the whitening land. Dusk crept with furtive tread about them. None spoke, until the old priest, waiting close beside the bier, stepped forward and met Cumberland eye to eye.

'There is a God,' said the Father, in measured tones that were in harmony with the big, strong hills about them. 'There is a God, sir, and I give you the word of a priest that He will pursue you, here and hereafter, if you do this thing. I give you the word of a priest, too, that it is indeed Sir Peter Lynn who lies here.'

'The word of a priest?' snarled Cumberland. 'I'll prove the worth of it.'

He put the priest aside roughly, snatched the dirk which Donald wore always, even in these decrepit days, in token of more heartsome times. Barbara put both hands about her eyes. Hurst and the troopers, looking on while Cumberland ripped open the coffin-lid—nailed lightly and in haste by the blacksmith—were sick with horror.

In the gathering dusk Cumberland looked at the face of Sir Peter Lynn. He saw a face grown old in loyalty, saw the quiet air, as of pansies which bloom in long-forgotten gardens, that the dead man wore. Brutality went by him. He was humbled and afraid; for he knew that Barbara had spoken the truth when she said that her father had gone to meet such folk as he himself would never know. No Jacobite still left to fight a living battle could have taught Cumberland one-half of the lesson this dead, happy face was teaching him.

The wind chilled him to the bone. Those looking on were startled by the pinched, grey look of the face which a moment since had been red with fury. It may be that the shadow of the priest's outspoken curse lay on him—the curse which was so soon to excommunicate him, by his own deed, from true man's sympathy. Perhaps he looked into the future in this moment of terror and deep insight. The blind passion which had led him to this outrage on the dead was soon to bid him, after Culloden's work was done, give orders for the killing of the wounded lying on the battlefield—an order disobeyed, as this had been, by his own officers.

He turned suddenly to Barbara. 'My regrets are owing to you, Miss Lynn,' he said, in a grave tone.

'No regrets are of consequence. They come too late.' Tears were smarting for an outlet, but Barbara was too proud to let them fall. 'Will you allow us to bury our dead, sir, without further interruption?'

'Yes,' said Cumberland, lifting his hat with a deference surprising to those who did not guess how near he had come to the finding of his better self to-day.

Another surprise awaited Barbara, the priest, and Donald, when they returned from the chill and windy graveyard on the hill. They had looked for a siege renewed and rendered still more desperate by the presence of Cumberland and his troopers. Resolved as they were to save the fugitive, their hopes were slight that Blair of Blair would find his freedom. Grief, lack of sleep, the constant strain of fighting against odds, had lowered, not their courage, but their power to meet despair.

When they came to the house, the light of the young moon, shining through a rift in the broken, smoky clouds, showed only four of Captain Hurst's troopers on guard. Hurst himself was in the hall, and Barbara—who had come near to thinking well of him—asked where his Grace of Cumberland was to be found.

'He has ridden into Lancashire,' said Hurst. 'His business there is urgent.'

'And his men with him?'

'He had no choice, I think. There's some air of courtesy that haunts your draughty passages. He is a brute, Miss Lynn, so far as I can judge him; but he has had decency enough to leave me in sole charge here, when he might well have shot me as a traitor. The credit is due to—'

Hurst paused. His smile was grave and tender, for he was man enough to love Barbara generously, loyally, though he knew his cause was lost.

'Due to yourself, Miss Lynn,' he finished. 'You taught him, I think, to understand some matters that were hidden from him—that will be hidden from him again, doubtless, if I know the man. I can scarcely tell you how it happened. All passed so suddenly. Soon after you had gone, and while I waited for his Highness to put me under arrest, he turned suddenly. "Captain Hurst," he said, "you will capture Blair of Blair. I leave the trust to you. His capture will remove any suspicion of disloyalty from you." His voice was softened, Miss Lynn; and, little as I like him, I believe that he was making atonement, so far as in him lay, for the outrage he committed.'

They were standing apart from the priest and Donald, and Barbara regarded Captain Hurst with eyes that had gathered from the rainy hills, the radiant dawns and softened sunsets which had cradled her, a wild yet tempered beauty. She was sure now that she approved him.

'You'll let me speak?' he said presently. He was diffident—ashamed, so it seemed.

'Why, surely.'

'You will smile, I fear, if I speak of—of honour. I've lost the right to speak of it since I tried to drive a mean bargain with you.'

Again he met the cool, deep glance that called to mind the moor at gloaming-tide. 'I misjudged you,' said Barbara, with fine simplicity. 'Your honour never stood in better case, Captain Hurst. Perhaps, though we are enemies, you will remember in days to come that I ask you to wear it always as you did to-day.'

'I shall remember.' Restrained, quiet as he was, Barbara knew that he would carry a sorrow to his life's end—a sorrow she herself had caused.

'You have something to tell me?' she asked gently.

'Yes. I spoke of honour. I can regain it, Miss Lynn, but only by securing Mr. Blair. I shall use every effort—the more so, perhaps, because I am tempted, for your sake, to let him go.'

'Ah, no! We will fight out this issue, Captain Hurst. I should like you less, indeed, if you shirked it. Mr. Blair is here, or he is not. You will capture him, or fail. In either case you'll have my esteem.'

He watched her go. In after-days Captain Hurst was to understand, for his soul's health, the mystery of the lesson taught him here at Windy Hall; he was to join a losing cause, well knowing it was lost; his hopeless love of Barbara was to find expression in such self-sacrifice as was shown by the Prince's friends when Culloden's day of battle-hope sank down for ever into gloomy and tempestuous night; the children of his love were destined to be deeds of abnegation that showed the heart through the outward, dull precision of the man. He was to be named hereafter in company with Blair of Blair—but not yet.

He watched Barbara go, and the windy hall seemed lonely beyond bearing. It was always so with Barbara; she had the gift of leaving loneliness behind her, but she was apt to leave, too, clean thoughts and fragrant impulses.

For his honour's sake—yes, even for sake of Barbara's regard—Hurst swore that he would capture Blair of Blair.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THREE WENT OUT ACROSS THE HILLS.

ACCUSTOMED this old house was to escapades, to all the play and interplay of stratagem, of sudden passions, of strange truces that would last for days between the friends who hid a fugitive, the foes who sought him. Generation had followed generation of the Lynns; as children each generation had played at hide-and-seek with heedless zest; the ghostly corridors, the chambers hidden in unsuspected corners, tempted boy and girl alike to play that game which was first the pastime, doubtless, of Eve's two sons when they roamed about the outskirts of a forbidden Eden, yet found life not so much amiss. And the children of the Lynns, like Eve's, were to learn in later years how tragic and how desperate the game of human hide-and-seek can prove.

Yet even Windy Hall, fed from of old with ambush and surprise, had never witnessed such friendship in danger as held between Barbara and her guest during the day that followed the burial of Sir Peter Lynn. For he was her guest at last, in a sense denied till now.

On the morning after Cumberland's coming to Windy Hill, when Hurst came down for the breakfast grudgingly prepared by Donald, he was surprised to find Barbara seated at the board. He drew back, remembering a former insult.

'You will seat yourself, Captain Hurst?' said Barbara. 'Ah! no,' she went on quickly, seeing him still reluctant, 'you will forgive us for—for an error. My father, were he here, would be the first to acknowledge our mistake.'

Hurst seated himself. Again he felt dwarfed by the uprightness, the suave and tempered courtesy of this girl. She had spoken of her father. He could see dark rings beneath her eyes, and all the traces of a grief that had been met in silence and alone. Yet she could remember that a debt was owing to himself—a debt of courtesy. All that was hidden in the man was brought to life. He understood her grief; he realised the delicacy with which she admitted that his honour was re-established and secure.

'Miss Lynn,' he said, with a touch of his old formality, 'I trust I shall find grace to bear no envy toward the man who wins you.'

Donald looked on with a disapproval he could scarcely hold in check. He fancied that his mistress had 'gone down the wee,

green fairies' waning,' that she was prepared, under the influence of magic, to surrender Blair at once. He was bewildered when Barbara rose, after she and Hurst had made pretence of breakfast, and moved to the door, and halted there.

'Each to his own task,' she said, with a smile that had little mirth in it. 'You persist in thinking that Mr. Blair is here. We shall grow grey, Captain Hurst, before the siege is raised.'

'We'll grow grey with honour,' he answered gravely. 'You have given me that privilege again, Miss Lynn.'

In the hiding-chamber, meanwhile, Blair was fighting his stubborn battle against restlessness. Now and then, when his friends brought him news of the movements of the enemy below stairs, he had been allowed a half-hour's liberty within the chapel's limits, had enjoyed free movement once again as he paced to and fro and gave his muscles play. Sometimes it was Donald who brought him food and drink, but oftener Barbara. It was not only that Miss Lynn was jealous for the privilege of serving Blair of Blair, but also that she needed respite from her grief, and found it in this combat of peril against stratagem.

Yet she was aware that the waiting-time must be ended soon. Hurst had no longer any doubt that Blair was hidden here. Either the fugitive would find a moment when Hurst and his troopers alike were napping, or she and Donald would blunder.

Near sunset of the day when she had breakfasted with Hurst, Barbara stood at the window of the dining-chamber, seeking some inspiration from the moor. The sky showed ruddy pink, in token of much wind to come, and everlastingly the chill breeze rattled at the casement. She remembered that Blair was lacking food; and the recollection, though she did not know it, was the moor's answer to her call for guidance.

There were two stairways, known to Hurst, which led to the upper floor of Windy Hall; but the third he had not found as yet. This last lay at the end of a dark, neglected passage; it was closed at the stair-foot by a door which showed neither bolt nor hinge, and it led steeply up into the private chapel. Barbara, when she had taken her tray from Donald's hands, chose this staircase now as the means of reaching Blair.

Hurst, so she thought, lay dozing in the hall; but he heard her step along the passage, and followed her, and saw, by the light of the taper which she carried, that the door swung open at her touch.

The girl was thinking only of Blair's needs. Secure in her belief that Hurst was wearied out with sleep, she left the door ajar, in readiness for her return, and mounted the stair. Captain Hurst, as he followed cautiously—halting awhile at the stairway-foot lest a creak of the boards should betray him—saw the scattered gleam of her candle grow faint and fainter.

Barbara opened the panel of the hiding-chamber. 'I have brought you food, Mr. Blair,' she said. 'All is well below-stairs.'

Her guest needed no second bidding. When he came to her, when she saw the light of the candles on his face—of the candles on the altar and of the one she carried—Barbara stepped back. Sacred as their love was, her instinct was to stand outside the chancel-rail. She set down her candle, set down the tray. They faced each other in silence and in stress, while the wind moaned round about the gables.

'Miss Lynn,' said Blair at last, 'I must be taken, or escape. When I escape'—Blair seldom in his life had said 'if'—'when I escape, will you ride out with me?'

'I do not understand. I——'

'You understand, Miss Lynn, as well as I,' he broke in. 'You know that I love you.'

'Yes,' said Barbara. 'Yes, you love me.'

'And you?'

Again there was a silence. Pride, modesty, fear of she knew not what, had their will of Barbara. Then she lifted her eyes, and the old, brave look returned. 'Lead,' she said. 'Lead north or south, and I will follow.'

Captain Hurst had been an onlooker. He trod on a faulty board—his pain was bitter at the moment—and the others turned. Blair's hand went down toward his sword-hilt, though he would draw no blade within the precincts of the chapel.

'This must be a duel, sir,' he said, stepping forward and bowing to the other. 'We cannot brawl in the chapel here.'

For a moment Hurst was silent. He had heard enough of Blair's skill in fence to know how slender his own chances were, though he himself was a good swordsman. Two of his men were sentrying the house, and it might be that a shout from the window on his right would reach them; but of what use if Blair ran him through before ever they could get to him?

Captain Hurst flushed a dark red under his weather-stains. He had glanced at Barbara, and the meanness of his thoughts grew

plain to him. Yet he had hungered for his prize, had toiled for it, and it was hard to know that he had slender chance of winning it.

'I am at your service, Mr. Blair,' he answered.

Blair of Blair looked into the girl's face as he went out. His meaning was more plain than if spoken words had passed between them. His faith was quick. He would win the battle for her.

After the sound of their footsteps had died along the narrow passage, she closed the door of the chapel and knelt at the altar-rail, and prayed for Blair of Blair.

The windy, wild-rose flush of the gloaming sky had no way lied, for the vanguards of the coming tempest were already riding up the moor when Blair and Captain Hurst descended to the hall. Every cranny seemed to hide a whispering draught. They had difficulty in placing the candles so that each swordsman should have fairplay.

All was arranged at last, quietly, as between two gentlemen who knew the laws of duel and would keep the same.

The fight began, and the wind whistled up above them through the rents in the timbered roof. It was child's play, as Hurst had guessed; for not only did Blair know a score of feints and thrusts and parries to each one of his adversary's, but he held a Ferrara blade. Andrew Ferrara, so all good Jacobites believe, forged wizardry into his steel; and Blair of Blair, though he was stiff for lack of freedom, knew no fatigue or hurry.

He waited, tasting the subtle zest of fight; and when the moment came, he pierced Hurst's sword-arm delicately, as a man might pick up his lady's glove, and watched the other's sword go clattering to the ground, and stooped to claim it.

'You are on your parole, sir,' he said. 'I have seen something of the world, and take you for a man of honour.'

'My honour is in better case than my sword-play, though that is saying little,' the other answered doggedly.

Blair of Blair, if he was always buoyant, was always full of sympathy, for friend or enemy. He took a 'kerchief from his pocket and bound the wound which old Ferrara's blade had given.

'You are on parole,' he repeated.

'Yes,' said Captain Hurst, half sullen, half inclined to like this man with the large, generous air and the pretty trick of fence. 'So much is obvious, sir.'

'I must ask you to give the same pledge for your men—to ride

out with them at once—to give us two days' freedom from pursuit or interference.'

Hurst was silent. This man had been all but his captive, and now he was his master.

Blair smiled. 'I gave you your life, sir. Do I ask too much?' he said.

'No,' said Hurst, 'but it is bitter—more bitter than you know.'

After the troopers had been roused, after they had saddled and rattled out behind their leader, Blair sought the chapel where Maid Barbara said her prayers. They tell you still—those of the countryside in whom the Stuart lore is live and sweet—how she rose from her knees to welcome him, and saw again the love-light in his comely face—how she laughed quietly, not knowing why. And then they tell you how Blair sent Donald for the neighbouring priest. He came in haste from the village on the hill, and married them at the altar-rail of the chapel which had hidden Blair so long. And the priest, though he asked no question, wondered how Blair's forgotten supper came to lie within the chapel. They rode out—Blair, and Barbara, and old Donald—and sought the moorland track. They went to Charlie in the North, as it proved, to battle and to peril and to exile. But they rode together.

The dawn-lights played about the moor. The sun came up above a swarthy crag ahead of them. Blair of Blair looked into Barbara's face.

'Are you afraid?' he asked.

'Afraid? My father died in happiness, and I—go with you,' she answered.

A curlew rose and fell before them; and, behind, old Donald rode, thinking of the Prince whom he was soon to meet.

But Captain Hurst, leagues to the west of them, rode heavily, as if his ambition and his heart alike were broken. He had not found the Faith as yet.

[THE END.]

